

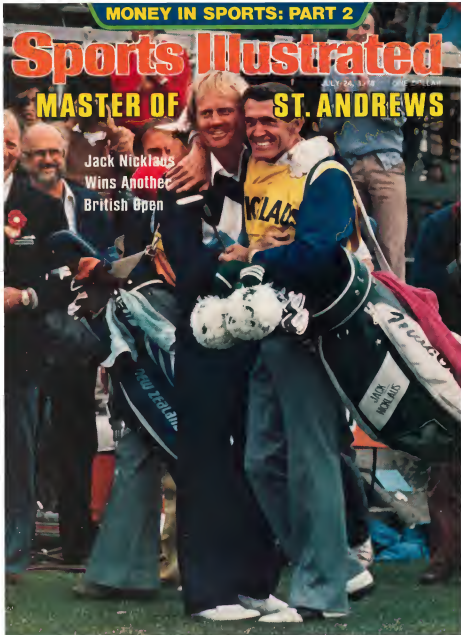
MONEY IN SPORTS: PART 2

Sports Illustrated

JULY 24, 1978 ONE DOLLAR

MASTER OF ST. ANDREWS

**Jack Nicklaus
Wins Another
British Open**



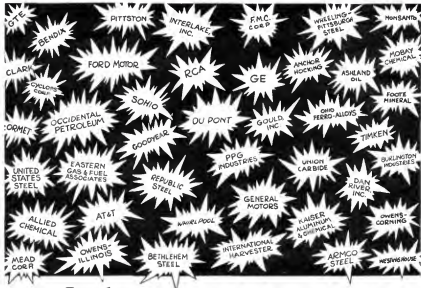
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Over 100,000 circuit miles, with a backbone of 1,330 miles of 765,000 volt transmission lines, more than all other utilities in America... combined.

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Never was it more evident than during the recent coal strike, the longest in history. Our planning, and our own water and land coal transportation facilities were key strengths that enabled us to weather this difficult period.

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People whose pioneering has continually advanced the art of power genera-

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Announcing what to use when, and when to use what.

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People know what they use blank tape for. Where it gets muddled is which tape to use?

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At Sony we have two goals.

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Basic Blank.



The workhorse tape, technically called Low Noise, doesn't trouble yourself why. It's like those housewives who just want to get it down.

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At home, for your little niece practicing the oboe.

Better Blank.



While Basic Blank is primarily for speech recording, Better Blank is primarily for music. (Its technical name is Hi Fidelity, one of the few technical names to explain anything.)

Better Blank is sensitive to a wide dynamic range—which means the lows and the highs. It's particularly wide in the bass register—and it won't hurt too much at the treble register.

Better Blank is not just more blank, but you can use it in a living room, under the car, or at a record.

Beautiful Music Blank.



If you want to sound knowledgeable, use it. Chrome Dioxide. A thin coating of that substance makes this tape loyal and faithful in the high frequency range.

So piccolos will sound perfect. Lead singers, too. Use this tape when quality—particularly in the high range—is the highest priority.

Best Blank.



When the object is the ultimate, and money is no object. Officially called Fern-Chrome, this tape offers low distortion and a wide, flat frequency response.

It combines Chromium Dioxide to pick up the highs with Fern-Chrome—so the lows reach new heights. There is no better tape to reproduce music.

But do you need Fern-Chrome? Some say that only the Vern-Crazy can tell the difference. But it's nice to know that the difference is there—if you have the ears to hear it.

SONY

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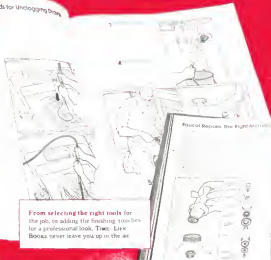


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SCORECARD

Edited by JOHN PAPANIK

YOUR FRANCHISE OR YOUR WIFE

When the NFL owners get finished with their next piece of business, Jack Kent Cooke may lose part of his sports empire, but Joe Robbie may lose his wife. Oh, well, whatever happens it will be for the good of the old NFL.

The league is considering an amendment to its constitution that would prohibit not only owners but also their kin from investing in teams outside football. The reason for such a restriction, which no other sport places upon its owners, is, says NFL Executive Director Don Weiss, "to ensure that our owners direct their interests and energies into stabilizing and maintaining the growth of their franchise and the NFL. We feel they should make a choice. If they want to be involved with the NFL, it must be a 100% involvement, without any diversions or distractions."

The league's provincial "no outside ownership" rule has been in effect for 10 years, though it has gone unenforced. If this formal amendment is approved, and the *Los Angeles Times* reports that 24 of the 28 teams are in favor of it, Cooke (Redskins), who also owns the Los Angeles Lakers and Kings, and Lamar Hunt (Chiefs), who is a part owner of the Dallas Tornado and the Chicago Bulls, will have to choose: us or them.

That is a reasonable choice. But what about Robbie (Dolphins) and Ed DeBartolo Jr. (49ers)? DeBartolo's father owns hockey's Pittsburgh Penguins, and Robbie's wife has an interest in soccer's Fort Lauderdale Strikers. Does the NFL consider itself more sacred than the American family? Do "diversions and distractions" include fathers and wives? Would DeBartolo disown his father to keep his team?

Said DeBartolo Jr., "No comment. We're studying it."

SECOND TIME AROUND

A year ago when the first offspring of Triple Crown winner Secretariat got to the races they became the most closely

watched group of 2-year-olds in history. But although many had been sold at auction for extravagant prices—one for as much as \$1.5 million—once they got into starting gates they failed to live up to expectations. Because Secretariat himself had been so precocious, winning four races by late August of his first year, the supposition was that his get would win race after race. However, no son or daughter of Secretariat won a race in this country until Sacrebleu in December, and by the end of the year his nine runners had only two wins and \$18,221 in purses among them.

Secretariat's second crop is composed of horses of a different color. In recent weeks Terlingua, a strapping filly, has won her first two races, the \$44,800 Nursery Stakes and the \$97,475 Hollywood Lassie, both at Hollywood Park. And last Friday at Belmont Park, trainer LeRoy Jolley, who handled both Foolish Pleasure and Honest Pleasure, sent out General Assembly, another Secretariat 2-year-old, who won his first race handsomely.

Indeed, there could be a similarity between Secretariat and Mill Reef, one of the best European runners of recent years. Mill Reef's first crop was highly priced, carefully watched—and fizzled. His second crop is racing now, and in recent weeks his son Acamas won the French Derby and his son Shirley Heights the English and Irish Derbies.

ENSHROINED NINES

When Tal Smith, general manager of the Houston Astros, learned that the Cincinnati Reds had five potential Hall of Famers in their lineup—Tom Seaver, Pete Rose, Joe Morgan, Johnny Bench and George Foster—he said, "Five Hall of Famers! That's unbelievable!"

Actually, that total is neither unbelievable nor particularly unusual. According to Hollywood statistical buff Cam Cottrell, who fills his hours keeping track of such things, there have been 45 clubs with five or more players who made the

Hall of Fame. Ten clubs had six Hall of Famers, six had seven and the 1930 New York Yankees had eight: Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Earle Combs, Bill Dickey, Herb Pennock, Waite Hoyt, Red Ruffing and Lefty Gomez.

Nonetheless, the 1930 Yankees failed to win the pennant. The champs that year were the Philadelphia Athletics, who had only five Hall of Famers, Jimmie Fox, Eddie Collins, Al Simmons, Mickey Cochrane and Lefty Grove.

BENT TRIGGER

Dr. Clive Arkle, a monocolled 56-year-old surgeon in the Royal Naval Reserve, is more than a casual gun fancier; he is a former champion marksman. So he was understandably put out recently when a North Wales judge refused to allow him to renew his firearms certificate just because he favors a bit of a taste every now and then.

Into Judge Lloyd Jones' courtroom, Arkle hauled a bagful of trophies and



badges he had won in three decades of competition, including the 1966 Wimbledon trophy, for which he hit 50 bull's-eyes in 50 attempts at 600 yards.

"I was drinking 30 pints of bitters a day," said Arkle. "And that is how I achieved these trophies."

"Are you suggesting that it is better from a medical point of view to be affected by alcohol in competition?" asked the astonished judge.

The good doctor claimed nothing less and insisted his trophies were evidence of that. "Alcohol tightens up the eyeball, keeps it more round, makes the vision

continued

Olympic gold.

There's really two kinds: the medals the athletes win—and the money it takes to help them do it. In fact, there may be some connection.

You see, Olympic hopefuls depend on private donations to support their quest for Olympic gold. And simply put, the more money we can raise, the better prepared our athletes will be in 1980.

It's hard to think about an Olympics that's over two years away—but it's really not much time for an athlete. Already, Olympic hopefuls are in training—and they need your help to stay competitive.

The economics are staggering.

The cost of supporting our team and developing athletes for individual events will come to at least 26 million dollars. And the United States Olympic Committee needs a large part of that money right now

America doesn't send athletes to the Olympics—Americans do. So it's your tax deductible contribution which will help us assemble a team.

With any contribution of \$10 or more, the United States Olympic Committee will send you the Olympic belt buckle pictured below—in an antique bronze finish featuring the Olympic shield in bold relief that's ideal for both men and women—a symbol of support of our Olympic team.

The more you contribute, the better prepared America will be. That way, when NBC brings you the 1980 Olympics, what you'll see is the best America's got!



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How to tell a diver's in hot water while there's still time to pull him out.

With divers exploring offshore at depths of a quarter-mile (and more), it's a problem just knowing how they're doing.

To monitor them properly you have to keep track of as many as 16 life signs: Pulse, blood pressure and the like.

And how do you do this without big, unmanageable cables?

In Britain, the Royal Navy is developing a monitoring system that uses an optical fiber cable created by the people of ITT.

Optical fibers are threads of ultrapure glass, thin as human hair.

With a laser beam, medical reports are flashed over these optical fibers by pulses of light—millions every second.

A diver's backup team will know instantly when something is going wrong (probably before the diver does).

And because the optical fibers are so thin, they can be built right into the diver's air hose. So there's nothing bulky or unmanageable to get in anybody's way.

Who knows how many divers will someday owe their lives to this monitoring system? Hundreds, perhaps thousands.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT.

better and relaxes you," said Arkle, who only wanted to shoot rabbits in his golden years.

Judge Jones would have none of it, and refused Arkle his license for "intemperate behavior and lack of competitive activity."

Great Britain's National Rifle Association, of which Arkle is a lifelong member, stood squarely behind the judge. "I see no difference between drink and driving and drink and shooting, except the latter is even more dangerous," said Air Commodore Arthur Riall, NRA secretary.

Said the disarmed Arkle with a shrug, "Some people take tranquilizers. I happen to drink a lot."

SWIM SHAM?

On July 11, the day Walter Poenisch turned 65, he got a birthday cake and a hug from Fidel Castro, jumped into the water off Havana and headed north on a trip he had been planning for 15 years. On July 13, at 4 a.m., he staggered ashore at Little Duck Key, Fla. No sooner had he collapsed from the 33½-hour, 125-mile ordeal, than a brouhaha arose over Poenisch's claim to have been the first to swim the distance, because Poenisch a) wore flippers, b) used a snorkel, c) admitted he rested on his boat for a total of 30 minutes and d) had no observers from the media along.

Although Poenisch's feat is remarkable for a person of any age, it is not strictly swimming—flippers alone enable one to go 1½ times faster than bare feet and with less effort—as Diana Nyad took pains to point out.

Nyad is the young woman who hopes to swim from Cuba to Miami on July 21. She will swim without flippers or a snorkel, which greatly facilitates breathing in the slightest chop, following the accepted practices for such undertakings. Most notable among these is that the swimmer not touch anything except water except while being fed, much less ride on a boat.

In attempting to discredit Poenisch's achievement, Nyad has referred to him as a cheat and very overweight. For his part, Poenisch, like most experts, feels that Nyad—who has never swum more than 67 miles and three times has failed to swim the English Channel—has no chance of completing her swim. Clutching a Cuban flag in one hand and an American flag in the other, Poenisch fee-

bly whispered after his swim, "If she goes more than 30 miles, I'll give her everything I own, including my home and car."

UP THE CREEK WITH A PADDLE

Fritz Sprandel of Allentown, Pa., a 34-year-old former bartender and carpenter who last winter became the first person to cross the U.S. by snowmobile, is now trying to become the first to cross the country by canoe. Three weeks ago Sprandel launched his craft—a 15-foot plastic canoe fitted with a 2-hp outboard motor—at Astoria, Ore., where Lewis and Clark ended their trip. If all goes well, by the time he reaches New York City on Thanksgiving Day, he will have navigated nearly 8,000 miles of 13 rivers, two creeks and a canal, with only 10 miles of portage.

From Astoria, Sprandel is taking the Columbus to the Snake to the Missouri to the Mississippi. Then he will go up the Ohio to the Allegheny into Pennsylvania and New York. There he will hang a right on the Hudson and paddle straight down to the Statue of Liberty.

Why is Sprandel doing this? To cheer folks up, he says. To "give them something besides rape, murder and the other lousy things they read about every day."

LET'S MAKE A DEAL

All of you budding superstars who dream of becoming rich like O.J. and Dr. J (page 34) ought to face facts. The odds are infinitely against you. If you are smart, you will forget golf, tennis, football, or what have you, and become an agent. Look, last year's Heisman Trophy winner Earl Campbell signed a six-year \$14 million contract with the Houston Oilers. That's big money. Campbell's agent, 26-year-old Mike Trope, got 10%. That's not bad. But while Campbell went out to run laps, Trope wrapped up another contract. And another. And another. And pretty soon he had contracts for 23 of the 25 players he represented in this year's NFL draft. Value: approximately \$10,250,000. Even if Trope's take on an average contract is modestly estimated as 8%—he works out different deals for different players—his cut this year is \$820,000.

Now, in the six years since he negotiated his first contract as a 20-year-old USC junior—\$1 million for Nebraska Running Back Johnny Rodgers from the Montreal Alouettes—Trope has negotiated more than 120 contracts, including those of five Heisman winners and three

runners-up. Total value: \$30 million. For Trope, the \$24 million takeout is not even the best part. The best part is, the more he earns for his clients, the more clients he earns, and his fortune just grows and grows. Which is important because, as Trope says, "Remember, I'm only 26, and a lot of people my age are just finding out what they want to do."

THE GREAT HOST

Over the years, man has raised Cain, the roof and ticket prices, but nobody anywhere has ever raised a football stadium. (In *Black Sunday*, they tried to raze one, which is not quite the same thing.) Now it's been done.

In a project that was started immediately after the end of last season, Penn State jacked up its football stadium 12½ feet to install permanent concrete bleachers at field level, which increases the stadium's seating capacity from 56,000 to 76,700. Contractors divided the stadium into 10 sections, ranging in weight from 600,000 to 960,000 pounds. The press box, a sleek 500,000 pounds, was hoisted separately. Thirty-eight hydraulic jacks did the dirty work, but it took two weeks to set them in place for each lift.

"If we had added to the back of the old stadium, it would have moved the spectators further away from the field," explains Clarence V. Knudson, project engineer for enlarging the stadium. "We did consider lowering the field, but it is located in a limestone area and we might have run into caverns."

But the main reason for jacking up the stadium was, predictably, money. The operation cost Penn State about \$4.6 million, which will be paid off in about four years from revenues received from the extra seats. The last major obstacle to the on-time completion of the great host was overcome last week when a temporary strike was settled and work was resumed installing the new seats. Said a school official, "We were going to be ready for that home opener if we'd had to raise the dead."

THEY SAID IT

- Robin Roberts, Hall of Fame pitcher, describing his greatest All-Star Game thrill: "When Mickey Mantle battled with the wind blowing out in Crosley Field."
- Jim Bouton, minor league pitcher, on Bowie Kuhn: "Bowie is the best commissioner in baseball today."

Defy mediocrity.



Sports Illustrated

JULY 24, 1978

A BONNY VICTORY



Jack Nicklaus won his third British Open at what has come to be his native haunt, Scotland's Royal and Ancient

by **DAN JENKINS**

As long as a man has to go for a walk on a golf course, there is hardly a better place than straight up the first fairway at St. Andrews, where one is surrounded by 500 years of history and embraced by the buildings of the old town itself. It is especially wonderful if you do it the way Jack Nicklaus does. Nicklaus made the walk again last week with 30,000 warmly sentimental Scots cre-

ating enough noise, as *Clare* Stromand told the roar of a squall howling in off the North Sea.

The scene, in fact, would have made a nice Christmas card for Jack to send out this year. After all of the crazy things that had gone on for four rounds, involving grippers from a grand assortment of nations, it came down to Nicklaus winning another British Open, another major

continued





Road Hole horror: working on a cataclysmic 9, Nakajima studies a bunker lie as his caddy cringes

BONNY VICTORY continued

championship. For those who are counting, it was his third British Open and major victory No. 17, which can now be filed away with the others, the five Masters, the four National PGAs, the three U.S. Opens and the two U.S. Amateurs.

Not many of those victories could have been sweeter than this one, however, for Nicklaus is 38. He had gone nearly three years without winning a big one, and many of his fellow pros were starting to question whether he might ever win another. It seemed possible that Jack had reached a stage in his career where he could no longer produce the clutch shot in a major tournament or sink the critical putt. Last year, for example, Nicklaus stood on the 71st tee tied for the lead in three different major championships—the Masters, the British Open and the PGA—and lost all of them.

In last Saturday's final round at St. Andrews, Jack stood on the 70th tee and found himself staring rather unbelievably at a chap named Simon Owen. This was one of the most important sporting events in the world, and Simon Owen of New Zealand was suddenly leading it by one stroke over Jack Nicklaus with only three holes to play. It was precisely at this moment that Jack Nicklaus became the Jack Nicklaus of his previous years, and Simon Owen became the Simon

Owen whose last accomplishment as a pro golfer was winning the 36-hole Skol-Lager individual title in 1976 at an event mostly familiar to the Scottish waiters and chambermaids at Gleneagles, where it was played.

All sorts of near immortals had been in contention for this British Open, including a group of talented Americans led by Tom Watson and Ben Crenshaw, each of whom shared the lead at one time or another. But in the last round Watson faded sadly and Crenshaw stumbled, and it was Owen, of all people, who hung around to annoy Nicklaus. Now, after chipping in for a birdie from 25 yards away on the 15th hole, Owen was in the lead and Nicklaus was thinking that maybe the gods were going to deal him another disappointment despite the splendid golf he had played throughout the tournament.

There on the 16th tee, Jack thought of Turnberry last year when Tom Watson had rolled in a birdie from across the 15th green, which was the blow that sent him toward defeat in their memorable duel "I've been here before," Nicklaus said to himself.

Owen hadn't. And that probably was what accounted for his second shot on the 16th, which he hit clean over the green, putting himself in a place where the best he could hope for was a huge 5. For his second shot, Nicklaus struck

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER KOOS JR.

one of those nine-irons of his that seem to be inhaled by the flagstick. It got to about six feet from the pin.

The situation was obvious. If Jack could make one of those putts he had been missing earlier in the week, there would be a two-stroke swing on the scorecard, and he would be the leader with the toughest hole known to mankind—the 17th at St. Andrews, the Road Hole—coming up to face the two of them.

Who would you want at the Road Hole, Jack Nicklaus or Simon Owen?

Nicklaus did, in fact, nail the birdie putt at the 16th, drilling the ball into the heart of the cup. Just like the old days. It was the putt he needed at the time he needed it.

No one, then, was much surprised that on the terrible 17th Simon Owen—27, unknown, inexperienced and surely overwhelmed by the thousands gazing at him—would hit a hard drive and dump his second shot onto the road at the Road Hole. You can make almost any kind of score on the 17th, a 461-yard par-4 that bends in a dogleg to the right and has what the Scots call a "gathering hunker" left of the green, not to mention a green set as tight to the road as a hitchhiker.

If Nicklaus was the hero of the championship, the Road Hole was certainly the villain. Over and over, it provided drama of the kind that pleases those who enjoy horror movies. It embarrassed almost everyone, and some it slaughtered, wringing hogies, double hogies and even worse from its victims. The hole took Severiano Ballesteros out of the tournament. It chilled Arnold Palmer with two 7s just when he was in the process of taking everyone on a sentimental journey. It hammered a little fellow named Tsuneyuki Nakajima with a 9 in Friday's third round—incredibly, after he had reached the green safely in 2. That unfortunate bit of badness hurled Nakajima into a tie for 17th at the end, with a par there instead of the 9, Nakajima would have wound up tied for second place with Owen and three Americans who could not quite solve old St. Andrews' subtleties—Ben Crenshaw, Raymond Floyd and Tom Kite.

Crenshaw, who finished with a fury—three birdies on the last four holes—was the only player who actually conquered the Road Hole. Yet, though he played it with three pars and a birdie, he still did

not win the tournament, a fact that might go down as one of the curiosities of the year. But after playing superbly most of the week, he lost his shot at the tournament with a double bogey on the 4th hole of the final 18. There was too much ground to make up after that, what with Nicklaus playing so well and Owen doing all manner of extraordinary things, such as registering a third-round 67.

But then Owen hotched up the 16th and 17th, and it was time for Nicklaus finally to play the Road Hole well. He had bogeyed it three rounds in a row. This time Jack smashed a three-wood off the tee into the middle of the fairway, safely away from the Old Course Hotel on his right, a god-awful structure that sits where the railway sheds once were. Then he hit a safe six-iron into the front swale of the green where he would rely on his ability to get down in two putts from 50 feet. His lag putt up and over the varying undulations on the green was a thing of beauty, and it came to rest a foot from the cup.

For all practical purposes, that was the championship. All Nicklaus had to do afterward was make it July 4 on the last hole, which was only a drive and run-up with a trailing wind, and then enjoy the stroll up the fairway toward the Royal and Ancient clubhouse, past the intersection of Links and Grannie Clark's Wynd and by the towering grandstands that make it seem as if a golfer is competing in a football stadium.

Actually, a change in the wind on the last day at St. Andrews gave Nicklaus an advantage over the other serious contenders, because he had won there in 1970 when the course played exactly as it did last Saturday and as it had not played in the previous rounds. For three days, the golfers had the wind with them going out and against them coming in from the 12th tee. Consequently, everyone would assault the Old Course early and then struggle to survive coming home. When another Japanese, Isao Aoki, led the first day with a 68 despite his putting style—nose of the club up, hands held improbably low—it was said to have been because the course was benign, and what did an Oriental know about it, anyway?

Possibly it was because the wind stayed the same for the next two rounds that Aoki remained tied for the lead with Crenshaw and Ballessteros after 36 holes. Tom Watson and Peter Oosterhuis took

command after 54 holes with a one-stroke lead on Nicklaus and Aoki and no more than a three-stroke lead on a total of eight other golfers. If Aoki could still be close, if Crenshaw could cope with his errant tee shots, if Oosterhuis, with his erratic driving, could do the same, then the course must be playing rather oddly.

Nicklaus didn't really need a shift in the wind to feel he would do well on the final round. From tee to green his game had been in better shape all week than it had for any major championship in quite a while. He began tamely enough with rounds of 71 and 72, which left him only one under par and four shots off the pace, but he blamed that on his putting, and he knew some putts had to drop eventually. As a matter of fact, he two-putted every single green during Thursday's second-round 72, which tells a lot about how he was playing otherwise. It was a three-under 69 on the third day that finally got him into the light, and it was during dinner the night before the last 18 that he decided he was going to play very well the next day. He got up from his fired haddock to change his departure

plans from Saturday night to Sunday morning. More time to celebrate, right?

If there was a key moment for Nicklaus early in the last round, it was when he was able to gouge the ball out of the trash on the 4th hole with a seven-iron, then hit a wedge out of more garbage onto the green and save his par. Otherwise, it was a case of waiting for a birdie putt to drop. One had back on the 3rd another would at the 12th, neither of them from any great distance. And then he would get the killer at the 16th.

In an effort to account for his victory, Nicklaus said, "Experience counts at St. Andrews." Indeed, it is said that there are three British Opens: the one played in Scotland, the one played in England and the one played at St. Andrews. How true that is.

And if Jack himself did not have the words to describe what St. Andrews means, maybe Crenshaw did. At the presentation ceremony, it was Ben who said to the Scots, "I want to thank nature for making this golf course."

That got almost as big a roar as Nicklaus' stroll. Both were a glory to the game last week.

END

Crenshaw finished with a flurry, but he was too far back, while Aoki led early before faltering.



SOMETIMES A GUY'S GOTTA SWOOP

And when that mood strikes, it's fly away now and train later for Leon Spinks, who is enjoying the heavyweight title in his own style as he prepares to meet Muhammad Ali in their September showdown in New Orleans **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

What gives with these frogs? Four o'clock in the morning, and they are raising clamorous hosannas to a pair of automobile headlights that illuminate the parking lot. Drunk on dew, singing a mad chorus, the frogs carry on as the lights go out. For a long moment the car idles in a puddle of moonlight. Then the engine dies, the door opens and out steps the heavyweight champion of the world. He has just spent several hours in a joint appropriately called the Rabbit Room and is full of dew himself. He stands amid the din and croaks loudly to the frogs.

As befits his station, the champ is dressed in one of the many handsome ensembles that choke the closets of his rented

villa. But he is feeling good, and as he walks through the deserted parking lot he begins to pick up momentum. By the time he reaches the nearby road, he is running. As he moves more quickly, a bit erratically, the champ's breathing becomes heavy. His pulse begins to quicken and the song of the frogs fills his head. Leon Spinks, the frog who would be heavyweight king, gathers speed and disappears into the night.

As he began serious training last week for his Sept. 15 return bout with Muhammad Ali, Leon Spinks was still on the run, still waiting for someone to turn him into a handsome prince. While Ali

taunted him for being "too ugly to be the champion," Spinks remained more or less in the seclusion of his Hohen Heed, S.C. training camp. Since Feb. 15, when he upset Ali to win the heavyweight title, Spinks has seemed distracted, confused and frequently depressed by his sudden celebrity. "Leon wants to be the same person he was before he became the champion," says his wife Nova. "He doesn't understand why people won't just let him be Leon." The champ reluctantly acknowledges this. "I want everybody to love me," Spinks says, "but I gotta be me."

Regrettably, Spinks has discovered that though he may have been a nobody

Loosening around a little and laughing it up a lot at his Hohen Heed training quarters, Spinks likes it best when I don't have to think about my job.



six months ago and had every intention of remaining a nobody, the heavyweight championship of the world is a kind of high office with attendant responsibilities, one that Ali elevated to new heights. In 14 years on the world stage, Ali gave lectures at Oxford, consorted with kings and imposed an unrealistic set of expectations on his eventual successor. Last month, while Leon Spinks was dancing in a discotheque with quarters jammed in his ears, Ali was in Moscow, deep in conversation with Leonid Brezhnev at the Kremlin.

"People may be disappointed because I'm not Ali," Spinks says. "But times change and the world changes; now I'm the champion. People want the heavyweight champion to fit a certain image, and they're afraid I'm nothing but a dumb nigger. But I'm just Leon."

Being "just Leon" seems to involve periodically climbing into one of his new cars and driving off in search of a place where all the lawyers and accountants

and reporters can't find him. Usually Spinks heads for large urban centers like Philadelphia, Cleveland or Detroit, diving into them as if they were foxholes that remind him of the Pruitt-Igde housing project in which he grew up in St. Louis. Wherever he goes, Spinks travels in style. Among his recent purchases have been a \$45,000 Lincoln limousine complete with TV and bar, an \$18,000 Cadillac Seville and a \$15,000 Cadillac Coupe de Ville.

"Sometimes I got to swoop," Spinks says, stretching his arms out like a big blackbird. "Everybody's making plans for me all the time, but what they don't understand is that I ain't going to let nobody plan my life for me. So I just swoop. I look at Butch [personal aide and bodyguard Marvin Woolfork Jr.] and I say, 'Gotta goooooo.' When I'm alone I can be free, got no cares, and I don't have to think about my job. Don't have to think about nothin'."

Though these flights from reality are

hard on Leon's wife, who spent several long evenings in Hilton Head last week not knowing where her husband was, she concedes they are necessary. "When Leon gets too much pressure put on him," says Nova, "he just takes off. He needs solitude to sort it all out."

In addition to being perhaps the first boxer ever to refer to the heavyweight championship as "my job," Spinks also is one of the few successful athletes whose money does not seem to be able to separate him from poverty. "I'm a ghetto nigger—people shouldn't forget that about me," he says. "You can take the nigger out of the ghetto, but you can't take the ghetto out of the nigger. One of the great things about Ali was the things he did for the black man in the white society—but you don't never see no Ali down in the ghetto. When I swoop, I go to the neighborhoods and give those people a chance to see the heavyweight champion of the world on their own ground."

continued

Starting with a bundle of money last February, the new champ picked up three new getaway cars. The Coupe de Ville helps ease the pain of celebrity





Teeth in, Spinks climbs out of the resort pool

LEON SPINKS *continued*

While he is mistaken about Ali's ghetto visits, whatever swooping does for Spinks' disposition, it wreaks considerable havoc on the training schedule for his rematch with Ali at the New Orleans Superdome. His "training camp," really nothing more than a big bare-walled room in the back of the Hilton Head Community Playhouse, has been open since June 1, but the champ avoided the place for nearly a month before he began regular workouts. Twice he had come to Hilton Head to start work, and twice he had gone over the hill. Both times, someone from the entourage had to track him down and bring him back. When Lester Hudson, one of his lawyers, found Spinks in Detroit late last month, the champ had not slept in three days.

Hudson, who is an associate of Spinks' new attorney, Ed Bell, has been the source of some unhappiness in the Spinks camp for the very simple reason that every hour he and Spinks spend together costs the champ \$100, a typical rate for legal counseling.

Mitt Barnes, the champ's manager of record, who last week was ordered off the Hilton Head premises for telling a reporter that Spinks is "ignorant," contends that he had lined up three different training sites—all of them expense-free—but that Bell chose Hilton Head because it would make a good location for a tennis vacation. Bell denies this, though he does concede that he is the

one who suggested Hilton Head and that he made two "business trips" there in June when Spinks was seldom around. In any case, the rental of six villas, the training site, and a cook, have cost Spinks roughly \$15,000 a month.

Bell angrily dismisses Barnes' charge by pointing out that Spinks is "working hard, running seven miles a day, and enjoying peace and tranquility," but last week few of those statements seemed to obtain. Spinks was out almost every night, dancing, drinking and smoking cigarettes, and the moment Trainer Sam Solomon left the resort on a business trip last Monday, Spinks stopped training altogether.

"We can't shackle him to the training camp," says Solomon. "When he's off, he's his own man." So much his own man, it seems, that Solomon is reluctant to suggest that Spinks cut back on his drinking and smoking. "I go by his performance," is all Solomon will say. "After all, the man is the heavyweight champion. Who knows what's best for Leon but Leon?"

That, of course, is the \$4 million question. About \$4 million is the amount Spinks is expected to earn in the rematch with Ali, and there is a large school of sharks swimming around Spinks that would like a bite of the money. Meanwhile, the champ has been going through the money from the first Ali fight—an estimated \$170,000 net, after expenses, from his \$216,000 purse—at a noteworthy pace. In addition to the stable of new cars, he has recently purchased more than \$10,000 worth of jewelry, has bought a \$75,000 home in Detroit and another home in Des Moines for his in-laws, and during one two-week stretch last month kept his wife in a \$250-a-day suite in Detroit's Pontchartrain Hotel.

"Leon treats five dollars like it was five cents," says Nova. "But I'd much rather have him go through \$170,000 and get it out of his system before the big money starts coming in."

Spinks acknowledges that his handling of money has made for image problems. "People don't like the way I spend and spend my money," Spinks says, "and that hurts me. They don't understand that I ain't never had nothing, so I've got a lot of catching up to do."

"I don't think it's fair to expect Leon to put his money in a sock and live in a tenement just to prove to a lot of people he's not throwing his money away," says

Ed Bell. "When a guy gets access to the kind of money I Leon's getting, you can't expect him to live the way he did a year ago." Bell insists that with the money that will come in from the Ali fight, he is "going to see to it that Leon is funded from now on."

If he is, indeed, that well protected, there is little likelihood that Leon Spinks will wind up a figure out of some hackneyed movie script, punch-drunk and shining shoes somewhere. It is also an encouraging sign that he has begun to clean out the sharpies, like Butch Lewis of Top Rank, the outfit that is promoting the Ali rematch, who began to believe that he could control the fighter. "It's a divide-and-conquer thing with those guys," says Nova, who is among the shrewdest and most ruthless advisers the champ has. "Butch Lewis came to Mitt Barnes and told him that if Mitt could get rid of me, he wouldn't have any more trouble with his fighter. There are a lot of people who don't want me around—including Leon's mother and his brother Michael—because they know if I see something is bad for Leon I'm going to speak on it. I know that Butch Lewis has tried to put women in front of Leon's face to break us up."

Whether or not the banished Lewis was responsible for putting women in Leon's face, Spinks seems to need or want no assistance in that department. He has maintained an alarmingly high profile during most of his indiscretions, as he did several weeks ago when, according to several airline employees, he sat for three hours outside the main gate of the Savannah, Ga. airport in his Coupe de Ville, nuzzling a young woman and missing flights on which he was booked.

"It's a lot harder just to be the champ than it is to win the championship," says Solomon. "Once Leon gets into the gym he's a hunch to get out. He trains real hard, won't quit when I tell him to. The only trouble is getting him here."

For all of this, Spinks' body is young and resilient enough that he is able to bounce back from his nocturnal jaundings. At 197 pounds, he had been light for a modern heavyweight, but now he seems to have added weight. "He's developed into a full-fledged heavyweight in just a few months," says Solomon. "What a lot of people don't realize is that Leon is still a growing boy. He's getting bigger all the time."

Though Solomon insists that his man

was not meant to start training in earnest until last Saturday, Spinks appeared remarkably fit as he worked out first on the heavy bag, then on the speed bag. Spinks likes to train to loud disco music, such as Teddy Pendergrass' *Life Is a Song Worth Singing*. "Got to have something I can boogie-woogie-oogie to," says the champ.

At the end of his daily workouts, Spinks is dutifully driven over to a stand of trees near the gym to chop down one

of them. Lacking the instincts of a lumberjack, he had to be shown how to use an ax. In fact, his first outing was such a flop that after he had chopped completely through the trunk of his tree and shouted "TIMBERRRRR" a few times, the thing refused to fall. Spinks finally grabbed the sapling by what would have been the scruff of its neck, if trees had such things, and threw it down.

Last Tuesday, Spinks celebrated his 25th birthday by skipping his second con-

secutive day of training. He had spent the previous evening prowling the parking lot outside his villa, guzzling Müller beer from a quart bottle. It was 1:30 a.m. when, holding a pork chop in one hand, he walked out to bray at the moon. "I love everybody in the whole world," said the heavyweight champion of the whole world, "but I don't trust nobody." Then he howled again, as loud as he could howl, but nobody seemed to hear him but the frogs.

END

Teeth out, Spinks plunges into an explosive burst of activity: once he gets started, says his trainer, he works hard and doesn't want to quit.



When Larry Bowa was growing up, he was a little guy with a loud mouth. He was stubborn, cocky and obnoxious. Nobody could tell him anything, though quite a few tried. "Don't be a baseball bum. Go to college," his father, a former minor league player and manager, advised. "You're not good enough," said his high school coach in Sacramento, Calif., who cut Bowa three times. "Not interested," said the major league clubs that refused to draft him. "You belong in Williamsport playing against Little Leaguers," said a sportswriter when Bowa made it to Philadelphia in 1970.

They were all wrong, of course. Last Tuesday night the Phillies shortstop took his .300 batting average and Gold Glove into his fourth All-Star Game and slapped two hits, stole a base and made two flashy defensive plays as the National League won 7-3. Three days later he was in Atlanta, representing his team for the second half of what appears likely to be a third straight championship season for the Eastern Division leaders.

This has been a strange year for the Phillies, who seem to be succeeding despite themselves. Pitching ace Steve Carlton is not winning, slugger Greg Luzinski is not hitting and slugger Mike Schmidt is not playing. As a group, Philadelphia's starting pitchers are only three games better than .500, compared to their league-leading totals of 1977, the hitters are down 24 points in average and almost a run per game in scoring.

"We're lucky to be in first place," one Phillie acknowledged last week, but that is exactly where the Phils have been since June 23. It took them almost a month and a half longer to reach that spot last season.

The team has benefited greatly from a lack of strong competition. Pittsburgh and St. Louis were expected to be tough challengers, but they have not won even half their games. And once again Chicago, the early division leader, has collapsed like a dime-store umbrella.

But the Phillies have not prospered merely by default. Two other reasons for Philadelphia's success are more positive: a four-man relay race out of the bullpen and a bench of bombardiers. The relief

THE LITTLE BIG MAN FOR THE PHILLIES

pitchers have a 14-4 record and 18 saves, and three of them, Tug McGraw, Ron Reed and Warren Brusstar, have the best earned run averages on the staff. Pinch hitters have provided 33 RBIs and seven home runs, including three grand slams, and part-timers Jerry Martin and Jose Cardenal have the highest batting averages on the team.

Bowa and Centerfielder Garry Maddox are the only every-day players who resemble their old selves. After last weekend's series in Atlanta, Bowa's average was up 18 points from last year, to .298, and Maddox' was up three to .295. In contrast, Luzinski had plummeted 73 points to .236. Second Baseman Ted Sizemore 62 to .219 and Rightfielder Bake McBride 49 to .267. Except for four appearances as a pinch hitter, Schmidt had missed the last 15 games with a hamstring pull and was 28 points and 14 home runs off his 1977 pace.

Even if Bowa's teammates were playing up to form, he would still be a major factor in Philadelphia's success. With only four errors so far this year, he is threatening his own single-season fielding record for shortstops, .9874 in 1972. Bowa also holds the major league career record for fielding percentage by a shortstop who has played 1,000 games or more. His .980 is .004 better than Oriole Mark Belanger's American League record of .976.

Playing defense has always been what Bowa does best. He is not terribly fluid moving to handle grounders and he short-arms his throws to first, but he rarely hobbles the ball and his pegs are invariably strong and on target. Bud Harrelson, who joined the Phillies as a reserve this year after a Gold Glove career at short for the Mets, says of Bowa, "He's the best every-day shortstop I've ever seen. He makes routine plays out of balls I'd have to dive for. If the ball goes in his direction, you know the runner's going to be out."

While teammates of greater stature slumped or sat, Shortstop Larry Bowa used his bat, glove and guts to take Philadelphia to the divisional lead

by LARRY KEITH

Though Bowa considers himself "the best at what I do," he recognizes the considerable talents of Cincinnati's Dave Concepcion. Concepcion has four Gold Gloves to Bowa's one, but he has led the league in fielding once to Bowa's three times and his career percentage is nine points lower.

"I don't handle as many chances as Davey does," Bowa says, "but there are good reasons for it. Schmidt is able to cut off a lot of balls hit to my right, and Maddox plays so shallow that he takes anything over my head. For Cincinnati, Pete Rose doesn't have Schmidt's range, and Cesar Geronimo plays with his back to the centerfield wall. So you're talking about a difference of maybe 30 chances a year."

It is only in recent seasons that Bowa's offense has begun to match his defense. In none of his first four years did he hit more than .250, but in his last four he has batted below .275 only once. Three years ago he was among the league leaders at .305. "When I came up, people told me that considering the way I play defense, I could hit .220 and still be in the majors for 10 or 15 years," Bowa says. "But that's not the way I am. I'm always trying to improve."

The surest way to get Bowa to do something is to tell him he can't or shouldn't. That is how he became a solid major league player.

"If there's something you want to do, I mean really bad, you can do it if you sacrifice," he says. "I may be kicked in the face, but I'll be damned if I'm going to quit. It's like when I learned how to water ski. The first time I went out every-

body said I wouldn't even be able to stand up. I stayed out in the water and really took a beating, but when I finished I was able to do it."

Bowa has kept his head above water in baseball in much the same way. After being cut from McClatchy High's team

in Sacramento, he played American Legion ball. When he was not drafted by the majors, he played in junior college until he caught the attention of Eddie Bockman, a Phillies scout. Even then, he had one more hurdle to clear, which Bockman's scouting report bluntly de-

scribed: "Have always liked his potential, but his attitude will make you throw up at times. A definite major league prospect if he can keep the bugs out of his head."

Bockman's concern for Bowa's "attitude" was understandable; the first time

continued

Other shortstops may look slicker and quicker than Bowa, but none of them really is. He holds the major league career record for fielding percentage... 980.



While Jose Cardenal, whose average is .312, has rediscovered his batting stroke, and Richie Hebner (bottom) has filled in ably for Mike Schmidt at third, Tug McGraw has come out of the bullpen to undress the opposition's hitters.



Bockman scouted him, Bowe was thrown out of both games of a doubleheader. The problem was simple enough to understand but difficult to cure: Bowe wanted to succeed so badly that a fielding error or an umpire's negative call would increase his fear of failure. "People have always thought that I lost my cool because I was cocky," Bowe says. "The truth is that I battled hard because I always doubted my ability. Instead of forgetting about my disappointments, I would dwell on them. I was afraid that I was blowing my chance for acceptance or recognition. Now I have a more positive attitude."

Bowe has two people to thank for that, Philadelphia Coach Billy DeMars and former teammate Dave Cash. DeMars convinced Bowe that he should be content with his best effort, even if the results were not always satisfactory. Cash, now a member of the Expos, says, "I tried to impress on him that he shouldn't lose his head under fire. I told him that if he got thrown out of a game, the loser would be himself and the ball club."

Instead of going after umpires, Bowe now most often saves his sharp tongue for his teammates, and has emerged as something of a clubhouse Don Rickles. He will stick the needle into anyone—except the hypersensitive Carlton—but his favorite target is Luzinski. He calls the 225-pound outfielder "Fat Hog" and criticizes his hitting. Luzinski is forever threatening to punch the 160-pound Bowe's head off but so far has managed to contain himself, partly because he probably suspects that Bowe's goading helps him play better.

Bowe learned the hard way just how far he can go with Luzinski. Ten years ago, when the two were roommates on an Instructional League team and Bowe was in his more sensitive stage, he misinterpreted a Luzinski comment as criticism of his hitting. Bowe was also jealous of the fact that Luzinski's \$55,000 signing bonus was 30 times larger than his. So he started harping, and Luzinski took a swing. Instead of hitting Bowe, the Bull clipped infielder John Vukovich, who was trying to break up the fight. Bowe ran into the lavatory, locked the door and thanked his luck. "If Bull had hit me, it would have been surgery for sure," he says.

Lately, Bowe's favorite way to rag Luzinski has been to point out the decline in the Bull's run production. Although

continued

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Luzenski's league-leading 21 home runs equal his total at this point last year, his RBIs are down from 74 to 55, and his batting average has dropped from .330 at this point in '77 to .236. Fortunately for Philadelphia, the bench has helped take up a lot of the slack. Early this season Dave Johnson set a major league record—later equaled by the Giants' Mike Ivie—by clubbing two pinch-hit home runs against the San Diego Padres and the Los Angeles Dodgers, with the bases full. He also beat the New York Mets with a two-run single in the 11th inning.

Cardenal has won a game with a pinch homer, too, but the most valuable work he and Martin have done has been as starters. Martin, who has a .304 batting average, has been platooning with McBride in right, and until recently Cardenal had been splitting the first-base job with Richie Hebner. Now, while Hebner is filling in for Schmidt at third, Cardenal has first all to himself. He has responded by hitting .312. Martin and Cardenal, both righties, are important reasons why Philadelphia is 19-5 against left-handed pitching.

"Adjusting to a part-time role is the toughest thing I've tried to do in sports," says Martin, a former basketball star at Furman. "I wanted to be traded for a while, but now that I'm playing more, I feel as if I'm a valuable part of the club. Sort of like an insurance policy."

Cardenal is more like a dry hole that suddenly gushed oil. After averaging .301 for his first five seasons with the Cubs, he slumped to .239 last year, and the Phillies picked him up in exchange for a minor league pitcher. Not only is he hitting again, but he is also playing first for the first time in his major league career. "We don't see you," he kidded Schmidt last week. "Why don't you go home? We in first place without you."

The Philadelphia bullpen could say much the same thing to the starters. Carlton is 8-8 and has failed in five attempts to win his 200th major league game, and Larry Christenson is 6-8. The Phillies were so strapped for starters that they traded their ace reliever, Gene Garber, to Atlanta for Dick Ruthven, whom they had dealt away in 1975. "I hated to lose Gene, but I was begging for another starter," says Manager Danny Ozark. Ruthven was 2-6 with the Braves, but since returning to the Phillies he has won four of six decisions.

In coming back to Philadelphia, Ruthven moved from the bottom of one division to the top of another—and he likes it up there. "There's less pressure because the defense and offense are so good," he says. "I'm amazed at the balls that are caught. Bowa is awesome."

Even without Garber, Philadelphia's bullpen has been outstanding. McGraw is the key reliever now, with eight wins, seven saves and a 2.29 earned run average. "I'm on top of my game," he says. "I came to spring training in the best shape I've been in since I got out of active duty in the Marine Corps reserves in 1966, and this is the first year of the last six that I haven't had some kind of arm trouble."

The other two holdovers are Ron Reed, who has eight saves and a 2.40 ERA with no decisions, and Warren Brusstar, 2-0 and 2.41 with no saves. The new fourth man is Rawly Eastwick, formerly in semi-retirement with the Yankees. "We're trying to get Eastwick back into baseball," says Ozark. They're succeeding: Eastwick is 2-0 and has made more appearances—seven in a month—with Philadelphia than he has with New York in the previous two months.

If the bench and bullpen can keep producing until the regular hitters and pitchers get untracked, the Phillies should have no trouble winning their division. They have often stumbled on the road—their two losses in Atlanta last week dropped their away record to 17-25—but they have also shown a knack for winning at home, where they are 31-11, and when they have to. They won 16 of their last 21 before the All-Star break to move into first place and build a 4½ game lead. Eight of the victories came in nine games against the Cubs, raising the Phillies' advantage in the season series between the clubs to 10-4.

"It's hard to believe we're winning without the contributions we expect from key guys," says Bowa. "But we're supposed to win the regular season. It's the playoffs when people call us the choke artists. This year should determine what kind of men we are."

Philadelphia has had two tries in the playoffs, against the Reds and Dodgers, and failed. But as Bowa knows from experience, failure is something that can be overcome—if you are willing to try long and hard enough.



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OFF TO OSHKOSH. BY GOSH

Seems like every year more and more folks come winging in from Lord knows where—all to show off their fancy flying machines, everything from genuine antiques to newfangled aerial hot rods, all of them setting down smack in Wisconsin for a get-together that is part air show and a lot of picnic. When they're not cutting up above the field, like the Pitts Red Devils team at right, they're parked and polished for everyone to admire—1,389 planes were displayed at last year's silver anniversary fly-in of the Experimental Aircraft Association. As the pictures on the following pages show, building a plane of your own is fun and flying it is better; but for some enthusiasts showing it off is best of all.

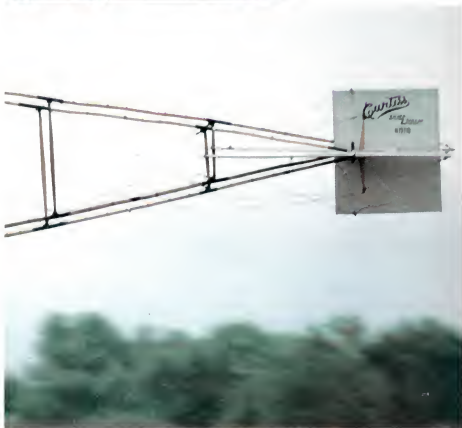
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENZ KLETZMER





Looking like drop ins from a sci fi movie, the VanZees (left) represent the future while avicular warbirds like the toothy P-40 and the 1911 Curtiss Pusher recall flying's past. That's 72-year-old Dale Crites below piloting his 67-year-old biplane.







A COW WON'T CARE

They come in low over the Wisconsin farmlands, shaking the corn tassels with the roar of their engines. There are buzzing Stearman, little Dyke Deltas, Pitts Specials and Pietenpol. Easy Risers hum along like mosquitoes. A 1911 Curtiss Pusher appears and is followed by an Osprey amphibian and a Breezy, its frame-work bared like a flying skeleton. Behind a 1929 Ford Tri-Motor come the hundreds of more familiar Cessnas, Pipers and Beechcrafts, high wings, low wings, biplanes and gyrocopters. A Messerschmitt 109 chases a lumbering B-17 and is, in turn, tailed closely by a flight of swift P-51s. And descending through the crowded sky comes a parachutist, a large American flag tied to one leg. He trails red smoke as he drifts down, while loud-speakers on the ground blare *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

It is fitting that this scene no longer sends farmers into a frenzy or dries up their cows. Man and beast are used to such activity around Oshkosh, home of Wittman Field and of the Experimental Aircraft Association's annual convention. The 1977 show was the 25th anniversary of the big fly-in, attracting 8,000 planes and 300,000 spectators for a week of air shows, flybys, workshops and entertainment. The session starting next week should be even bigger.

The thousands of airplane nuts spend most of their week right at the airfield, creating their own small town of campers and trailers, with the hardest sleeping in tents pitched under the wings of their planes. By day they flock to work-

shops on such subjects as propeller carving, engine overhaul, plane design and navigation. By night, they watch old flying movies, cheering James Stewart in *Spirit of St. Louis*, or simply sit around engaging in hangar talk. The EAA convention fits very well into its rural surroundings because much of aviation got its start down on the farm.

Take the 72-year-old Crites twins, Dale and Dean, who flew two of the most admired antique planes to the 1977 convention, a 1911 Curtiss Pusher and a 1928 Waco. The Criteses learned to fly in the mid-'20s on the family farm near Honey Creek, Wis. "We had about 250 or so pigeons flying around the barn all the time," says Dale, "and we used to sit around watching them and talk about how it would be to fly." To find out, the twins rebuilt a World War I Jenny and took off; the Jenny eventually ended up hung high in a tree, but the Criteses carried on. They've been patching, building and piloting airplanes ever since.

Dale flew his 1911 Curtiss the 70 miles to Oshkosh from his home in Waukesha. The flight drew a sigh from Al Kelch, a member of the board of directors of the association's antique and classic division. "Fourteen hours flying time used to be the average life span of men flying the Pusher," Kelch said. He tried to describe the flying characteristics of the Curtiss, an ungainly critter with a bamboo fuselage and a top speed of 65 mph, in which the ailerons are controlled by leaning to the left or right in the pilot's seat. "Why, it's worse than trying to pat your head and rub your stomach at the same time," he said.

Thousands of spectators wander along the rows of planes on display during the week—antiques (built before 1945), classics (1945-55), warbirds (almost all of World War II vintage), and homebuilts—stopping now and then to enthuse over a particular favorite, take a few snapshots and congratulate the owner. The warbird fliers are a colorful lot in their jumpsuits and leather jackets, and the antique owners in goggles, leather helmets and silk scarves cut dashing figures, but the homebuilt pilots are primarily noticeable because they are always around. For most of the convention they hover near their creations, constantly polishing surfaces, tinkering under the engine cowlings, basking in the admiration of the passing crowd and answering an endless stream of questions. How long did it take to

build? How much did it cost? How does she fly?

"If you build an airplane and fly it, it will affect your life more than anything else—except maybe getting married," says Burt Rutan, creator of the VariEze, the most widely admired design at Oshkosh. A graceful, if odd-looking craft, the VariEze might have flown to Wittman Field straight out of *Star Wars*. Hailed by some as the homebuilt design of the future, it is constructed of fiberglass over a shaped, rigid-foam core, a sharp departure from the more conventional metal or fabric skin over a skeleton frame. Designer Rutan claims the two-place plane can be completed by the average homebuilder in 1,000 hours at a cost of \$4,000, plus the expense of the 100-hp Continental Engine, from \$1,500 to \$3,500. What perked up even greater interest was the promised maximum cruise speed of 195 mph, range of 800 miles and a 1,600 feet per minute rate of climb. And when three VariEzes took to the skies, banking, climbing and wheeling with the grace and agility of swallows, the crowd that lined the runway oohed and aahed with unabashed admiration.

By the end of last year's convention, more than 2,300 sets of VariEze plans had been ordered at \$110 each, even though only 17 of the planes were known to be flying. How many of those thousands will ever get into the air? Probably only one in 10, according to the EAA. Building an airplane, whether a VariEze or a more conventional design, is an enormous undertaking and usually takes years to complete. "People lack the concentration necessary for a project of that size," said one homebuilder. "They don't have the stamina."

But try to tell that to the weekend flier who has just seen his dream machine and is already mentally measuring the garage or basement back home to see if the 22-foot wingspan could possibly fit in. After all, the designer points out that it's just like constructing a model airplane, only bigger. Maybe the would-be builder still has a few nagging reservations: Can he afford it? Does he really have the time? And last, but not least, what will his wife say? Just then, a yellow, orange and red Starduster Too flashes by, does a couple of loops and a snap roll and disappears into a bank of white clouds over Oshkosh. All doubts vanish. Another homebuilt airplane is on the way.

—JULIA LAMB

In stepped-down right echelon: a P-28 an FM-2 and a P-51 keep Wisconsin safe for democracy while fans admire a Starduster Too, custom-built award winner

MONEY IN SPORTS: PART 2

I'd be lying if I said it was not the money. I wouldn't be putting my body through this physical punishment if I was not well paid.

RICK BARRY



FOR THE ATHLETE, HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH?

Although team owners have the loot to pay today's large salaries, can sports or the players afford them?

by **RAY KENNEDY**
and
NANCY WILLIAMSON

Money is great ... but sometimes I think that I should be more selective. But then people make you more offers, the kind you would be crazy to turn down.

O. J. SIMPSON





PHOTOGRAPH BY LAKE STERNIT

Generally, the foundation of professional sports is no longer loyalty and trust. It is now business and adjustment. I am not happy about that.

JULIUS ERVING



For most people ... the years between 35 and 55 are the most productive ones, but not for athletes. They're slipping over the edge.

FRAN TARKENTON



CONTINUED

I don't want my whole life to be dependent on tennis. I don't want it to be a business. To me it's still a sport, a healthy activity and fun.

CHRIS EVERT

No athlete is worth the money he is getting, including me.—ELVIN HAYES, pro basketball player

Did the big money affect me? I'd say a little bit. Like, I was a good, hardworking hockey player one year, and then after I got the million, I rolled over and went to sleep.—DEREK SANDERSON, former pro hockey player

Many players are now more concerned about protecting their earning power than performing. So the quality of basketball is not what it used to be. The

Selfish? Disloyal? Spoiled? Greedy? Lazy? Can these be the same shining heroes who only a few boxes of Wheaties ago were strong, brave, true and vitamin-fortified? Yes, but a new additive has been thrown into the mix—big money—and it has knocked everything out of focus, including the eye of the beholder. Because of it, professional athletes are different today, and if their new image sometimes appalls, look again tomorrow. Things may have changed because the players are in a State of Flux, an uncharted area somewhere between Fort Knox and the Land of Oz.



fans pay an inflated price for a tarnished product—all because of greed.

—WAYNE EMBRY, former pro basketball player and executive

Players have lost all loyalty to a club, to their teammates and perhaps even to themselves.—BUZZIE BAVANI, baseball executive

How can the manager exert discipline? What is he going to do to a guy with a million-dollar contract, fine him?—LEO O'DROCHER, former baseball manager

Yes, there is clear-cut evidence of high-salaried players dogging it.

—ART MODEL, pro football owner

I just love to play. I don't know anybody that really produces who doesn't think that way. Guys who play just for the money aren't around long.

RANDY RASMUSSEN

The confusion figures. The axiom—too much here too soon can be discomfiting—is still true. Just ask Derek Sanderson. Or think of the players as characters in *The Millionaire*, the vintage TV series in which a shadowy donor gave \$1 million to some deserving wretch each week and then watched the poor soul go bonkers between toothpaste commercials. But all was ultra-bright in the end, when the recipient invariably discovered that, sonofagun, money cannot buy happiness after all.

The players have not come to that part yet, but they are adjusting, slowly and unsurely. The bonanza is all so new, so overwhelming that recent free-agent prospectors like Larry Hise and Lyman Bostock, former Minnesota Twins, give the impression that they have struck fool's gold. Hise, whose salary leaped from \$47,200 to \$525,833.33 when he joined the Milwaukee Brewers this season, will not talk about his good fortune. (Hise's salary, like that of all athletes on long-term contracts discussed in this article and in the chart on pages 42 and 43, has been determined by dividing the total value of his deal—\$3,155,000—including deferred monies and bonuses, by the number of years—six—the contract covers.) He is, says his agent, "embarrassed by all the money he is making."

Bostock talks about his big raise—from \$20,000 to \$450,000, compliments of the California Angels—but he says odd things. Like take it back. A .336 hitter for the Twins last season, he slumped so badly this spring, batting only .051 after his first 39 at bats, that he asked the Angels not to pay him for the month of April. When they declined, he said that he would donate the money to charity "to help people who were never given a chance, not people who had a chance and blew it. You've got to discern the needy from the greedy."

That is not easy. Indeed, the players' gift complex has resulted partially from the futility of trying to determine who deserves how much for what. While the widely held opinion that pro athletes are so vastly overpaid that it endangers the existence of their teams is not valid, because most teams can well afford the salaries, it is true that the rapid change in the wage scales has resulted in some bizarre overpayments, such as Sanderson's million-dollar deal. And there are others—Rod Carew, who makes about 200 grand a year, for example—who are

grossly underpaid by today's standards. The net result of this is that the salary structure of professional sports is wildly out of kilter. Yet, there is a longing among players and fans for the performances on the field to match the digits on the paychecks. Such figuring always computes out to dollars and nonsense. Juggled any one of a hundred ways, it is impossible to compare Carew's .388 to his \$200,000. And .051 will never jibe with Bostock's \$450,000. But then, what would?

Nobody knows, but everyone has an opinion. Which would not matter very much if the players were toiling in corporate obscurity. But they are center stage, their every pratfall scrutinized, televised and criticized. By the numbers. Salaries have become adjectives, a measure of skill used to zip, say, the \$500,000 forward who can't buy a rebound. In short, there is a lot of pressure to play up to one's pay.

Or so say many of the pro athletes who have come into sudden wealth. Wayne Garland is a case in point. A 20-game winner for the Baltimore Orioles in 1976, he became a free agent last year and signed a 10-year, \$2.3-million contract with the Cleveland Indians. Troubled by a sore arm, he lost his first four starts of 1977 and staggered through a 13-19 season that "I'd like to forget." Now convalescing from shoulder surgery that will keep him off the mound for the rest of this year and perhaps for good, Garland recalls, "There were times last season when I thought I'd lost my sanity. Another loss and I would have gone crazy. . . . I think what happened to me was that I was too anxious to prove to the fans I was worth the money."

What some people think of the athletes' plights is: big deal, for the kind of money they're hauling in they can buy understanding from their barkeep. That, too, is the attitude embraced by some of the players' own kind, particularly managers and coaches. Often more in regret than rancor, the old guard bemoans the lack of "hunger" in today's players. "The only time they lift a finger is to dial their stockbrokers," says Dick Williams, manager of the Montreal Expos. Bobby Hull, when he was player-coach of the Winnipeg Jets, said, "Guys get a dollar in their pocket and they say, 'Who, me work? Who, me sweat?' Why should a guy with a half-million-dollar contract want to have sweat dripping down his face or play with bruises? Why, they

won't even play with bruised feelings."

If it is not guilty of harboring a tinge of born-too-soon envy, the old guard is at least beset by a why-can't-things-be-like-they-were syndrome. In a sense, to pine for the old hunger is to deny the new security, a goal that the players' unions struggled to achieve through the first half of this decade when the rallying cry was "Freedom now!" Now that the players have their freedom, it's bonkers time. And although the owners have abetted and funded the insanity, they have adopted their own chant, "Help!"

While both sides try to adjust, only a few safe generalizations can be made about the new jock millionaires. They are brighter—gone forever is the old dumb jock image—more independent and decidedly more mobile. The last of these generalizations was evidenced this season when the Lakers had to take four different team pictures in the hope of getting one in which the squad would vaguely resemble the roster they were suiting up for their games. That, of course, is an exaggerated case, as misleading as the tendency to judge all of the 2,482 players in the four major team sports and the several hundred workaday athletes earning their wages in individual sports by the publicity heaped on a handful of superstars. Indeed, even within that select handful, there are as many different reactions to the money mania as there are superstars.

Q: Is there a new breed of jock elite?

A: Reggie Jackson owns five Rolls-Royces, including a \$70,000, silver-blue "every-day driver," in which he wheeled from New York to the Yankee training camp in Fort Lauderdale this spring. His traveling companion was Ralph Desino, president of Cartier's diamond merchant to the stars.

Such glitter befits the man who inspired the *scarot* candy bar, Jackson suggests. "I'm the straw that stirs the drink. There is nobody who can put meat in the seats the way I can," he says. That is Reggie the promoter talking. A walking conglomerate who is attended by seven full-time advisers, he is a principal investor in an Arizona real estate venture reportedly worth \$20 million, owner of three auto dealerships, commentator for ABC Sports and spokesman for Puma, Rawlings, Volkswagen and Standard Brands. Of his brilliant, often stormy, career as one of baseball's premier slug-

continued

gers, he has said, "I am a black man with an IQ of 160 making \$700,000 a year, and they treat me like dirt."

Then there is Reggie the charmer, an open, disarming man who sat in the dug-out one recent afternoon and reflected on the vagaries of fame, fortune and the feuding Yankees. "I almost cracked up last year," he said. "It was a traumatic experience, depressing. People don't really know the true feelings of players. They think we are only in it for the money, that we are mercenaries."

"The problems were created by the money. The big salary made me more visible, I was scrutinized more. People were ready to knock me no matter what I did. Money makes you wealthier but it does not make you a better athlete. It was a hell of a year, a horrible experience, but I stuck with it. Now people will have more respect for my character."

How about a character who buys five cars in the outstap price range? "I have the Rolls-Royces for investments. I don't care to lose money. Look at what happened to the dollar yesterday. In 1971 you could get 360 yen for a dollar, now it's down to 202. The dollar has declined similarly against the mark. The Rolles are a hedge against inflation."

Did the Yankees buy the championship? "Money didn't buy nothing. All that hitting I did last year, you couldn't buy those hits. I'm not a Johnny-come-lately. This is my 11th big league season. In the beginning I was making 10 grand. In 1969 I made \$20,000, and I had to hold out three weeks to get it. In '73, when I was the MVP, I made \$75,000. There is a new breed of athlete, but they are not as glibly as the proven players. There is a lot of careless spending. Research should be done before you give a kid \$200,000. Athletes are human beings; we're more fallible than machines."

Will salaries level off? "No, there will always be some dumb owner willing to pay the big salary. They can afford to take the risk and the loss. They own \$100-million corporations, and the salaries are no money at all to them. Radio and TV are paying the tab—the money that fans put in is just gravy. But in the long run the public does pay. Yoo-Hoo raises its price so it can afford a 60-second spot on TV. It's all built in."

The future? "One day I'm going to own a team. I'll probably do it with baseball, but I'm also looking at basketball, because the overhead is not as much. I'd

have to be in other things, too. With a club you only get 10% to 12%, and that's just a so-so return on your money."

Several inflations ago, following a good season with the Brooklyn Dodgers, Gene Hermanski went to the front office for salary talks with Branch Rickey, the wisest negotiator this side of an Arab slave market. Upon emerging, Hermanski was smiling beatifically.

"You get a raise, Gene?" someone asked.

"No," Hermanski beamed, "but he didn't cut me."

Today Hermanski would be held for psychiatric observation. He suffered from an affliction that players have only lately learned to overcome: gratitude for being paid for what they would do for free.

Trouble is, a lot of folks keep bugging the players about their cushy deal, calling them overpaid ingrates and worse. And so out of necessity pro athletes have formulated a handy six-pack of standard arguments for why they should be paid a fortune for playing a game:

1. *There's no big like show biz—except sports biz.* According to this defense, if Paul Newman can knock down a million dollars and more for flashing his baby blues, then the stars of the sweat circuit deserve as much. Pete Maravich has a list of celebrities' salaries, which by comparison, he claims, make his \$625,000 a year from the New Orleans Jazz look paltry. "Sure, I'm making big money, but look around," he says. "Elton John does a lot of screaming, and he makes better than \$10 million. Johnny Carson gets about \$3 million. Look at what they're paying movie stars. None of these guys work harder than I do."

2. *Nobody knows the trouble we've seen.* It may seem like fun and games, the players say, but have you ever been blindsided on a kickoff, traded elbows under the boards or taken a hockey stick in the chops? "We put a lot of wear and tear on our bodies," says San Antonio Spur George Gervin. "We're sacrificing ourselves to give the fans something to see. If that's not work, what is?"

3. *One in a million deserves a million.* To be analytical about it, which Canadian goalie Ken Dryden, a lawyer and former NHLer's Rader, usually is, the jocks' big compensation is basic economics. "To me, salaries are not paid on utility but on scarcity," he says. "If a cer-

tain commodity is scarce and is capable of generating revenue, it is usually well paid." The way NBA players figure it, 242 pro basketball players in a nation of more than 200 million people makes them one in a million, and they should be reimbursed accordingly.

4. *You only go around once, and it's a short trip.* As one of the few two-sport pros in the land, John Lucas, Houston Rocket guard and New Orleans Nets tennis player, knows all about longevity. "I think athletes are grossly underpaid," he says. "If you work in an office, you can wait around until you're 37 to make a lot, but in the NBA you've got to make it right away because the average player lasts about four years."

5. *Don't blame us, blame da massa.* The money that the owners are shelling out now proves they have always been rolling in it, the players say, and after decades of being paid slave wages, the field hands deserve everything they can get. After all, restraint is not the responsibility of the payee but the payer.

6. *Put yourself in our Adidases.* Dodger Tommy John has this story he likes to tell. During a Q and A session at a banquet, a man accused players who jump clubs of being greedy. John replied, "If you were offered a job by a competitor of your present employer, and the competitor said he would give you a \$50,000 raise, a new car and a new home, would you leave your company?" The man said no. John recalls, "I told him that he was either dumb or drunk, perhaps a little bit of both," and the rest of the people laughed him down."

Julius Erving counts his money every night before retiring and every morning when he gets up. Not the whole \$600,000-a-year pile he is paid by the Philadelphia 76ers, just his walking around money. "I have this habit," he once confessed to his wife Turquoise. "I was always so poor that if I had a dime I made sure when I went to bed that dime would be there when I got up."

Turquoise says, "Julius is still wearing some of the same pants he had when I first met him about five years ago. Some of them are shiny. He doesn't like to spend money." Except for a 14-room home on six acres in Upper Brookville, N.Y., even Erving's big expenditures—a sparsely furnished three-bedroom condominium in Philadelphia, a van, a station wagon and an aging \$8,000 Avanti—tend

continued

The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfeschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfeschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



**Wolfeschmidt
Genuine Vodka**

**"B & H,
I like your style."**



Benson & Hedges 100's

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72.

(Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that cigarette smoking is dangerous to your health.)

to be on the conservative side. Holding to a \$100,000-a-year budget, Erving invests the rest of his money in blue-chip stocks, bonds and real estate—nothing speculative, only what will be there when he wakes up in the morning.

"Players have to be careful," Erving said after one of his daring evenings on the court last spring. Winding down in typically low-key, low-rent fashion—pancakes in an all-night Philly diner—he ticked off the names of good veteran players, Cazzie Russell, Keith Erickson, et al., who had been replaced with younger, cheaper talent by cost-cutting owners. "It's become a two-way street," he said. Though Philadelphia considers Dr. J about as expendable as the Liberty Bell, at 28 he has been keeping some actuarial statistics. "Of the 242 players in the league," he said, "only 30 guys are 30 years old or older. A player over 30 has to be careful how he deals."

Once burned, Erving is thrice cautious after messy contract dealings with the New York Nets and other teams that left him feeling "tarnished." He said, "Some owners view players like a set of toy trains in the basement. They exchange players like toys, run lives and are insensitive to the existence of the player. Generally the foundation of professional sports is no longer loyalty and trust. It is now business and adjustment. I am not happy about that. I love playing basketball. I'd play for free. But that was not the situation when I came into the pros. I had to adjust and deal. In the beginning I was taken advantage of. Players have to be careful that they don't get used and cast aside. You have to protect yourself."

And so at 2:15 a.m. he drove off in his Avanti, cautiously holding to the speed limit in the deserted streets.

Popular notions to the contrary, not all pro athletes ride the limo-disco circuit, whirling from talk show to screen test to celebrity golf outing. Some of the super-rich jocks, Erving among them, choose to keep a relatively low profile. And, as Randy Rasmussen of the New York Jets attests, the life-style of the vast majority of less affluent pros is decidedly more ordinary. On a recent summer afternoon, for example, Rasmussen, an 11-year NFL veteran who played in the Jets' 1969 Super Bowl upset of the Colts, was not exercising stock options but his duties as

an Elmsford, N.Y. homeowner with a mortgage. A three-bedroom, two-car, one-child suburbanite, he was out in his Bermuda shorts mowing the lawn.

Consigned to play one of the most unglamorous positions in sports—offensive guard—Rasmussen tends to be inspired by little things, such as discovering that he was featured on a bubble-gum card. "It sounds silly," he says. "But I was thrilled."

Rasmussen has no endorsements and gets no freebies. He is thankful when the He Man Shop alerts him to an upcoming clothing sale, but, he says, "I don't get any breaks on prices." An occasional speech at a sports banquet helps pay for his two "extravagances," an annual two-week vacation and a family membership in the "least expensive country club in Westchester." His two cars—a battered 1970 Dodge he calls the Blue Nightmare and a later model Buick—are hardly dreammobiles. Rasmussen could afford something flashier, but then he would not have much left to invest in the feed and cattle farm in Elba, Neb. he owns with his two brothers.

Rasmussen suffers his spear carrier's role manfully, because the Jets, if not always the fans, appreciate his contribution. In 1977 he negotiated a contract that calls for him to receive \$87,000 this year and \$90,000 in 1979. That makes Rasmussen well compensated by the standards of offensive linemen, but his income falls hundreds of thousands of dollars short of that of athletes of similar seniority who play more glamorous positions. As a bodyguard to the stars, including Joe Namath during his Broadway Joe years, Rasmussen says, "I don't begrudge quarterbacks anything. It's the most important position, and they're worth the money. I never have played with a high-paid problem back there. John Riggins, who used to be our fullback, was an eccentric, a real screwball, but I still liked to block for him." Trading on a "feeling that we're all in it together," he says that the payoff for offensive linemen comes when a "running back tells you, 'That was a great block.' That's your reward."

More difficult is keeping in shape during the off-season, a regimen that required Rasmussen to quit his job as a stockbroker. Still, he wouldn't have it any other way. "Shoot, football is fun," he says. "I just love to play. I don't know anybody that really produces who doesn't

think this way. Guys who play just for the money aren't around long."

Now 33, Rasmussen does not like to ponder how much longer he will be around the NFL. "What business is going to hire a 35-year-old beginner?" he says. "Thinking about retiring is like thinking about getting ready to die. I know it's going to come, but it doesn't enter my mind. It might be foolish, but my future is this fall and playing football. I can't wait for the season to start."

Larry Csonka, Ken Holtzman, Ernie DiGregorio, John Riggins, Andy Mewersmith, Kent Benson. The roster goes on and on, and they all have three things in common: big reputations, big money, big disappointments. Every season has its share of fizzles and flameouts. Yet in a profession that reveres the "110% guy," there is no escaping the popular notion about the high-priced flops: big money has blunted their competitive edge.

The most important fact about the players' long-term contracts is that, while they are not likely to put an owner out of business, they may serve to knock the team out of the pennant race. "There are two things players and other human beings seek—security and heaven," says Ray Kroc, owner of the San Diego Padres. "If you give them half of that, you ruin their motivation." With the kind of security awarded to some players—long-term, no-cut, no-trade security—heaven can wait until all the deferred payments are collected. The hitch is that regardless of how tenaciously a well-beeled competitor may perform, the slightest slipup invariably elicits charges that he is jacking or dogging it.

Coaches claim that the symptoms of the "dollar drags" are all too noticeable. "A guy who signs a long-term contract obviously isn't going to be as hungry," says Cincinnati Bengal Coach Bill Johnson. "In his heart he thinks he is, but that extra-special push isn't there."

"Regardless of what the athlete says, if he has total security and is put in a tough spot, he may go through the motions and say, 'The hell with it, I've got mine,'" says Dr. Thomas Tutko, a noted sports psychologist. "It is the very nature of a player not to participate when all is lost, not to put out totally. You keep people insecure, and you keep the competitive edge. Now the player is asking not only for security, but for security as a millionaire. That introduces a host of

continued

other problems that have never been faced before."

Dodger owner Walter O'Malley sees other side effects. "I'm worrying about malingering," he says, citing situations in which "a big star with a no-cut, no-trade deal won't put out for fear of hurting himself." He is also bothered by the star who may dog it because he wants to play elsewhere. Did Anthony Davis, as

his teammates contend, use that ploy so he would be waived out of the Canadian Football League and could join the NFL? Was Ellis Valentine's foot hurting so badly that he had to miss 22 games in a row last season, the Expos' front office has wondered.

The suspicions are invidious and in many ways worse than the supposed transgressions. But they persist, perhaps

in part because some players concede that the strains of a long season force them to balance "playing hurt" against "pacing," pride against survival. "When it comes to putting out," says Golden State Warrior Coach Al Attles, "sometimes a long-term contract can be a problem. The player knows he's going to be paid, so he may be sick when people around him aren't so sure he really is.

THE TOP EARNERS BY SPORT

NASCAR Cale Yarborough, \$477,498	USAC A. J. Foyt, \$256,828	
Reggie Jackson, \$580,000	Catfish Hunter, \$575,400	Mike Schmidt, \$595,688
Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, \$525,000	Pete Maravich, \$625,000	Julius Erving, \$600,000
Mark Roth, \$105,583	Tommy Hudson, \$89,393	Earl Anthony, \$72,690
Muhammad Ali, \$5.75 million	Ken Norton, \$2.2 million	Roberto Duran, \$550,000
G.J. Simpson, \$733,358	Fran Tarkenton, \$350,000	Joe Namath, \$350,000
Tom Watson, \$350,000	Jack Nicklaus, \$310,000	Larry Wadkins, \$244,862
Herve Filon, \$255,000	John Chapman, \$245,900	Carmine Abbate, \$226,100
Bobby Orr, \$600,000	Gilbert Perreault, \$350,000	Phil Esposito, \$325,000
Steve Cauthen, \$615,175	Angel Cordero Jr., \$521,847	Larry Pincay Jr., \$436,396
Marty Hogan, \$41,000	Charlie Brumfield, \$21,000	Davey Blodgett, \$7,250
Andre Arnold, \$92,863	Josef Odematt, \$73,231	Jim Hunter, \$35,915
Giorgio Chinaglia, \$263,333	Franz Beckenbauer, \$200,000	Dennis Tueart, \$200,000
Jimmy Connors, \$922,867	Guillermo Vilas, \$800,642	Chris Evert, \$503,134

SOME MEMORABLE TRIPS DOWN MONEY LANE

	1962	1967	1972	1977
Bobby Hull, hockey	\$25,000	\$50,000	\$300,000	\$300,000
Jim Marshall, NFL	\$15,000	\$32,000	\$75,000	\$90,000
Bill Shoemaker, jockey	\$291,684	\$305,210	\$251,936	\$363,309
Kathy Whitworth, LPGA	\$17,044	\$32,937	\$65,063	\$108,540
Carl Yastrzemski, baseball	\$25,000	\$85,000	\$180,000	\$230,000

Pro basketball's a tough contact sport, and sometimes I feel they're protecting their bodies and the money involved."

High above Atlanta, behind a sleek mahogany desk in an office the size of a tennis court, sits the founder, owner and board chairman of Behavioral Systems, Inc., an international management consulting firm. The eminence's name is

Francis Ashbury Tarkenton, the most successful businessman ever to wear the uniform of the Minnesota Vikings or perhaps any other team.

Overseeing a staff of 75 and with accounts stretching from Spokane to Saudi Arabia, Tarkenton commutes between his luxurious home in Atlanta and a Minneapolis hotel during the season and scrambles even harder after the final

game. And along with his \$350,000-plus Viking salary, his other interests—Behavioral Systems, a long-term contract with NBC, endorsements and promotional work for Delta Air Lines, General Mills, AT&T, Puma, Eastman Kodak and MSA, a leading computer software company—give him an annual income estimated at \$1.2 million. He is a millionaire several times over.

continued

WHO MAKES WHAT

THE WORLD CHAMPION
MONEYMAKER FOR 1977

Muhammad Ali, \$5.75 million

THE ALL-TIME TOTAL-INCOME CHAMP*

Arnold Palmer, \$55 million

*Includes golf winnings and non-sports income 1955-77

AVERAGE SALARY OR WINNINGS	MINIMUM SALARY OR LOWEST WINNINGS	SPORT
Not available	Not available	AUTOMOBILES 1977
\$76,349	\$21,000	BASKETBALL 1978
\$143,000	\$30,000	BASKETBALL 1977-78
\$2,649	\$0	BOWLING 1977
Not available	Not available	BOXING 1977
\$55,268	\$20,000	FOOTBALL 1977
\$33,525	\$30	GOLF 1977
Not available	\$546	HARNESS DRIVERS 1977
\$96,000	\$30,000	HOCKEY 1977-78
Not available	Not available	JOCKEYS 1977
\$3,500	\$0	SQUADRAIL 1977-78
\$14,911	\$133	PRO SKIING 1977-78
\$17,500	\$0	NASCAR POODER 1978
Not available	\$0	TENNIS 1977

Except where otherwise indicated, the figures in this chart are for money derived from official play. They include no earnings from exhibitions, endorsements, investments and the like. Terms totals include no WTT salaries, and those for harness racing are estimates based on a rule of thumb that drivers get 10% of purses won.

A SAMPLER OF ATHLETES' TOTAL EARNINGS 1977/77-78

	Sports Earnings	Outside Income	TOTAL
Louise Riegler, LPGA	\$46,373	\$300,000	\$346,373
M. Hogan, quarterhail	\$41,000	\$25,000	\$66,000
Bobby Orr, NHL	\$800,000	\$500,000	\$1,300,000
Arnold Palmer, PGA	\$21,850	\$3,500,000	\$3,521,850
Kyle Rote Jr., NASL	\$20,000	\$200,000	\$220,000

ALL-UNDERPAID TEAM

Paul Garner, baseball	\$200,000
Mike Flanagan, NASL	\$36,000
Chuck Foreman, NFL	\$190,000
Dennis Johnson, NBA	\$80,000
Guy Lafleur, NHL	\$180,000

ALL-OVERPAID TEAM

Vladimir Bogdanov, NASL	\$150,000
Ernie DiGregorio, NBA	\$450,000
Ken Holtzman, baseball	\$165,000
Gil Perreault, NHL	\$350,000
John Riggins, NFL	\$300,000

Yet Fran Tarkenton is troubled. Behavioral Systems, Inc. specializes in maximizing job performance through motivation, and as an expert he feels that the carryings-on in professional sports of late are anything but inspirational.

"Some of the discipline is gone from our game," he says. "We now have different rules for different folks, and there is more griping today. We are all getting paid so much that we've started to think that we are celebrities. Management reinforces it by letting it happen. They are buckling to keep the big-money star happy. We're moving more and more to a class system—the big superstar and then the others. Team discipline has broken down as a consequence."

"Athletes delude themselves. They think they're set for life, but they're not. A \$2-million, 10-year contract sounds great, but it's not. There is inflation to contend with, and taxes take so much that when they're finished playing ball they too often go into debt. About the only jobs open to them are in coaching. They're not prepared to do anything else."

"I'm well paid and I have five experts working on investments for me, but I still have to go to work every day to keep things going. As far as I know, of the 45 players on the Viking team, I'm the only one who has a job in the off-season. In the entire league I'm probably one of the 5% or less who work off the field."

"Quarterbacks are supposed to be the smart ones. At the Super Bowl, I talked to Kenny Stabler about what he was going to do. He told me he planned to see some fights, hunt, fish, Roger Staubach, supposedly the real brain, said he was going to relax and mess around the house. Bob Griese said he'd make some speeches and play golf."

"Too many players think that the money will be there forever. At the age of 21 they can't believe that they won't play forever. You can't tell them that soon they will be too old to play football. You can't even tell a 21-year-old that he is going to be old. Too many retired athletes say that the happiest years of their life were spent playing pro ball, that now their lives are over. Mickey Mantle talks about missing the cheering. It's sad."

"Most people are getting their lives together at age 36 to 38. Their jobs are beginning to open up; they are moving ahead. The years from 35 to 55 are the most productive ones—but not for athletes. They're slipping off the edge."

Joe DeLamielleure has no use for no-cut contracts. A guard with the Buffalo Bills, he claims to thrive on uncertainty. "It's just human nature," he says. "If you know you have the money coming in, you might not put out as hard. I know myself, and I wouldn't want anything guaranteed, because it's the money that motivates me. I would love the Bills to write nothing but incentive clauses into my contract because I'd cash in on every one."

Many teams are doing precisely that, agreeing to a wide range of bonuses that are as speculative as hog-belly futures. One variation is styled after the contracts of show-biz heavies who take a cut of the house. Dave Kingman's deal, for example, calls for him to receive an additional \$50,000 in any year that the Cubs reach 1.6 million in attendance.

While it may help to ward off the no-cut blash, the emphasis on incentive bonuses raises questions about their effect on the game. Do coaches bench players, as has been charged, to prevent them from collecting bonuses for total minutes played? Does the trend undermine the hallowed concept of the primacy of the team over the individual? In short, are players more selfish?

"Heck, yes," says the Spurs' Allan Bristow. "I'd say 80% of the players in the NBA are that way. Why? In any occupation you have to look out for yourself and your family. If you think that you have to score a certain number of points, that's what you do."

Do some players attempt to enhance their personal statistics at the expense of all else? "Do they?" exclaims Houston Rocket President and General Manager Roy Patterson. "Listen, they'll even go so far as to jeopardize a ball game for their own stats."

If so, the locker-room consensus is that management is to blame because it played the numbers game to its advantage for so many years. "Stats are the first thing they throw at you when you go to talk contract," says Indian Outfielder Jim Norris. "They make it important. Winning should be the thing, but if I need five more percentage points to hit .290, that's what I'll be thinking about. Those points will mean so much when talking contract."

Rick Barry is pro basketball's original vagabond. Signed by the San Francisco

Warriors in 1965, he skipped to the ABA two seasons later and played for three teams before returning to the NBA and the Warriors in 1972. Last month he signed as a free agent with Houston. Along the way he parlayed his initial \$15,000 salary into a \$500,000-a-year bundle, ushering in a new era of gypsies in short pants. At first, he recalls, "I was called a no-good, money-hungry player. I guess it was to be expected. When you're a pioneer, you get criticism. But it's ironic. In an amazingly short time, three to five years, I was hearing, 'We don't blame you. You should get what you can. Heck, we're only here once!'"

Now he wonders, what hath Rick wrought? "There are an incredible number of guys who don't deserve what they are getting," he says. "There are players in the NBA who are not qualified to be pros. But the owners created the monster, and now they are being gobbled up. If I was an owner, I would not be paying these big salaries. Some you can justify—Lamer, Maravich, Erving, Kareem. You can pay their salaries with the extra people they bring into the arena. But other players compare themselves to these guys and think, 'Well, I'm half as good so I deserve \$300,000.' They don't take into account factors like charisma."

Worse yet, says Barry, the money mania is breeding a new generation of gamblers. "Kids have the wrong idea about basketball. They are now all hungry to score points. They read that the high scorers are making the money, and it's true. Scoring is overemphasized. Go to any playground. You'll never see a youngster get in a defensive position or practice passing. It's shoot, shoot, shoot."

"I'll tell you what money has done. It's changed the philosophy of the game. Pro basketball is not played as well today as it was 10 years ago. Players don't know the fundamentals. They have far greater ability and natural skills, but they are being wasted. We're playing the playground game—run, jump, shoot."

"Owners should take a harder look at the attitude of players. Maybe they should have a psychologist ask questions to help them evaluate if a guy cares enough to give his best effort all the time. If we'd go out there and think we rather than *I*, it would make it so much easier."

Why does Rick Barry go out on the court? "I'd be lying if I said it was not the money," he readily concedes. "I wouldn't be putting my body through

continued



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In fact, if he had it to do all over again, Barry says he would choose golf or tennis. "Then I wouldn't have the frustration of worrying about anyone but me." Or having to hustle for endorsements. "Basketball is very limited," he says. "We're not as popular or offered things like the football, baseball and tennis players and golfers are." Though well-heeled—Barry has real estate, shopping center and restaurant investments and earns a minimum of \$50,000 as a CBS sportscaster, in addition to his 500 grand a season for playing—he is ready to expand. Have spide, will travel.

"I would be a good spokesman for a company," he says. "I'd like to go to trade shows and give speeches. It would be a wonderful thing. I'm in a unique position now where I could be a bulk-in ad every time I walked onto the court."

How does a Mercedes millionaire like orders from a middle-income staff making monthly payments on a Gremlin? Very reluctantly. And therein lies the plight of a forgotten man in the sports money binger: the coach. As players' salaries have soared, the authority of the once-revered "skipper" has diminished. Always a glut on the market, coaches now earn an average of about \$60,000, or at least five times less than the superstars they command—or try to.

It's simple, says former Buffalo Brave General Manager Norman Sonju, "People don't pay to see the coach." More basic still to the economics of sports is a hard truth passed on by Angel President Buzzee Bawasi. "It's a lot easier to get a new manager than a shortstop."

The players, especially the top-dollar ones with long-term, no-cut contracts, are aware of the coach's tenuous position. All of them know that if there are clashes, the first one sent packing will be the guy with the clipboard. Since 1975, when the first wave of high salaries washed over baseball, only four of the major league managers—Sparky Anderson, Earl Weaver, Ralph Houk and Danny Ozark—have remained in the same dugout. Last season four former NBA Coaches of the Year—Tom Heinsohn, Gene Shue, Red Holtzman and Phil Johnson—were replaced.

One result is preferential treatment for the VIPs (Very Important Players) Billy Cunningham, the '76er coach, admits,

"You do tend to accommodate your best players because you don't want to be picking up and moving every year."

And the Vince Lombardi era of stern taskmasters is over. Told to jump, players no longer ask how high but why. About the only recourse coaches have is to bone up on their Dale Carnegie. Even screaming at the team can be a no-no, now that union rules enable players to file grievances at the hint of a threat.

All told, the upheaval in money and manners has radically changed the traditional role of the coach. Entrusted with an increasing number of the wayward and transient, they have become Father Flanagans with whistles—up to a point. Players will follow the basic regimen with "calculated tolerance," says Rocket President Ray Patterson. "But don't try to regulate their lives on the road or tell them to go to church or to be faithful to their wives. Then you're in trouble."

"Now this is success!" exclaimed O. J. Simpson, scampering childlike through the mansion he bought last year in the exclusive Brentwood section of Los Angeles. "I grew up in housing projects," he said, surveying the extras—guest house, pool and tennis court—that go with his new walled-in domain. "This is what money means. Security—knowing that none of my family will ever be on any lines—a nice house, a good neighborhood, privacy. It affords you the freedom to do what you want to do, although there is less time to enjoy it all."

Little wonder. One of the busiest, most diversified of jock entrepreneurs, Simpson seems to be going in three directions at once: a move not unfamiliar to NFL defenders. He is avidly pursuing his acting career, commanding more than \$200,000 per movie. He has a five-year deal with NBC to do everything from sportscasting to drama to buck-and-wings, with the emphasis on the buck. And when not harping for Hertz this Superstar in Rent-a-Car spots helped boost the company's profits by 50% in 1976, he is out there plugging TreeSweet or orange juice (naturally). Shindana Toys (maker of the O. J. Simpson doll), Dingo boots, Wilson Sporting Goods and Hyde Spot-Bilt athletic shoes. Counting his salary from the Bills, Simpson's income was at least \$1.5 million in 1977.

"A true star, a true success, doesn't sit back," says the Juice. "Money is great to have, but sometimes it gets real crazy.

Sometimes I feel really spaced out and think that I should be more selective. But then people make you more offers, the kind you would be crazy to turn down."

Except when it comes to movies and TV, Simpson handles his own business affairs. He works out of an office located—where else?—above a bank not far from his estate. A mixed-media Midas, he likes to get involved with all aspects of merchandising, especially when he can talk a sponsor into giving him a cut of its sales, as TreeSweet has done.

"I think if they're going to be using me," he says, "why shouldn't I benefit from it, too? They're not giving the money to the Heart Association."

Simpson personally negotiated his record \$733,358-a-year contract with the Buffalo Bills in 1976. "Ninety-nine percent of all pro football players went to college," he says, "and in four years something's got to rub off. They don't need an agent to keep their money, or give them a budget. I'm against business agents because they allow the athlete to rely on someone else. Once a player's career is over, these people aren't around. The guy is faced with doing it himself. And that's when you read about guys having problems adjusting to being regular people."

"Lonely and bored" in Buffalo, Simpson views his trade to the San Francisco 49ers last March as a giant step closer to the Hollywood career that awaits him when he hangs up his Spot-Bilt. Now 31, he says, "Football is what I am, but I'm pushing it physically. I want to be remembered as the Juice, really cooking. I want to go out in style."

Meanwhile, he adds, pumping his arms as if ready to take off through another airport, "I just keep on running."

In the early 1960s a man entered the Packers' office, identified himself to Vince Lombardi as an agent and announced that he had come to negotiate Jim Ringo's contract with the Green Bay Packers. Lombardi excused himself, walked into his personal office and closed the door. Returning a few minutes later, he told the agent, "You are negotiating with the wrong team. Mr. Ringo has just been traded to Philadelphia."

Agents are in better odor these days, but only slightly, their ranks including every species from the legit to the larcenous. And they have exploited the

continued

gains won by the players' unions in ways never before deemed possible or even decent. What would the Gas House Gang have thought if one of its members was holding out for cushions on the bench?

Deals for suites, water beds and limo service on the road, plus houses, automobiles and interest-free loans at home are just for openers. When it gets down to the fine print, demands are made—and met—that a player must start and be prominently featured in any game on national television, must play a specified position and have veto rights over any shifts, must be guaranteed a minimum amount

of playing time and must be featured on the cover of all promotional materials.

Most agents are reputable, but a shocking percentage are not, and a whole new NFL—National Fish League—could be started with the athletes who have been ripped off by the muscle merchants. Because agents need not be licensed or bonded, the field has attracted fast-buck artists who take money under the table from teams, use the wallet of one player to gain leverage in bargaining for another and engage in double billing and other fraudulent practices.

Some agents con players into signing

long-term contracts in which the agent gets 10% of all the player's income, including inheritances. And while much of the athlete's money may be deferred when he signs with a team, the agent takes his cut of the total package right away. "Anyone can pick up a briefcase and call himself an agent," says Nick Buoninconti, an agent, lawyer and former Miami Dolphin linebacker. "A kid can absolutely be taken to the slaughterhouse before he realizes what has happened."

So how does it feel to be rich, young, famous, glamorous and pursued by Bart

BAUBLES, BANGLES AND BANKRUPTCY

"Most of my time is spent preventing the exploitation of athletes," says sports attorney Bob Woolf. "Getting money for athletes is not difficult; it's getting them to hang on to it that's hard." Given the easy availability these days of business managers, tax accountants and investment counselors, fewer athletes are going bankrupt, but for some, spending money is still an incurable disease.

"I don't know how long I'll be around this league, but while I've got the cash, I've got to make some splash," says Houston Rocket Guard Rudy White, who in three years splashed from a Chrysler to a Cadillac to a Mercedes. After Marvin (Bud News) Barnes signed his \$2.1-million contract with St. Louis of the ABA in 1974, he spent \$125,000 in six weeks. A silver Rolls-Royce, a diamond ring for each hand, a ruby necklace spelling stars and 13 telephones were musts for Barnes, then 21 years old.

White and Barnes are still earning ample sums in the NBA, but a number of other athletes who share their penchant for cash and splash are out of sports and into bankruptcy or jail—or, in the case of sports' biggest spender, Derek Sanderson, trying to recover from a desperate slide into alcohol, drugs and thoughts of suicide.

In 1972 the Philadelphia Blazers of the WHA signed Sanderson to a five-year, \$2.65-million contract. At \$500,000 a year he was the highest-paid athlete in the world, but eight games into the season the Blazers bought back his contract for \$1 million—or \$333,333 a goal. Sanderson then bounced to six teams in six years. Last December he was hospitalized, ostensibly for bones suffered in a kitchen accident, but really to dry out from overuse of Valium, sleeping pills and alcohol. During his 10-year career, Sanderson grossed approximately \$2 million. Now most of it is gone: \$1

million to taxes, \$100,000 to uncollectible loans to acquaintances, \$100,000 to his agent, \$32,000 for a Rolls-Royce, \$35,000 for a single trip to Hawaii, \$120,000 for his house in Fort Erie, Ontario, \$45,000 for apartment renovations and thousands more on booze, broods and costly hotel suites. "In one year I spent \$117,000 just living," says the out-of-work center, who figures he has simply "blown" \$600,000. To be sure, Sanderson is self-destructive, but in the megabucks world of sports he has lots of company.

• In 1973 Johnny Neumann, once the nation's leading scorer in college basketball, earned \$105,000 with the Memphis Tams of the ABA, but he spent himself broke buying suits for teammates, a Jaguar sedan for his then-wife Carolyn and a "sophisticated" Ferrari for himself. In 1975 he filed for bankruptcy listing debts of \$75,000. When the judge asked him if he ever thought about saving for the future, the 23-year-old Neumann replied, "Yes, sir. I did, but when I first started making the money, Carolyn and I spent it faster than we got it. We kept getting \$20,000 to \$30,000 in the hole and had to get advances and take out loans. We were never able to get out of the hole."

• In 1977 Joe Caldwell, a 10-year NBA and ABA veteran who once earned \$210,000 a season, sat alone and destitute in his furnitureless apartment in Greensboro, N.C. His wife and children had left him, and the former All-Star forward spent much of his time watching films of his biggest plays. A movie projector was one of the few items not seized by his creditors.

• In 1972 Duane Thomas led the Dallas Cowboys to victory in the Super Bowl. Five years later, almost to the day, the erstwhile \$100,000-a-year running back and his pregnant wife appeared in a Dallas court to file a vol-

untary bankruptcy petition, stating their assets at \$4.66 and their debts at \$26,979. "It was just one of those things that happen," said Thomas, who is now out of football.

• When he played for the Cowboys, Craig Morton was known as the Prince of Greenville Avenue, a Dallas disco area. He lived from day to day, spent freely—and went bankrupt. Now that Morton is happily remarried and resettled in Denver where he quarterbacked the Broncos, friends say he has gotten a grip on life—but he also has debts. Ten days before the Super Bowl he was tackled by a \$34,635 Federal income tax lien and a \$38,000 debt to a New York bank.

Careless, careless spending is rampant, but athletes are also easy marks for bad investment advice and crooked agents. Basketball players Jerry Lucas and Nate Thurmond lost \$60,000 and \$40,000, respectively, in a marina-hotel project in San Francisco. In 1976 Brooks Robinson lost \$100,000 when a sporting goods store went into back.

Last winter agent Richard Sorokin was given up to three years in the slammer for ripping off 50 athletes for more than \$1 million. Blander Bobby Nystrom got hit for \$145,000 and Ranger Ron Greshner for \$46,000, and a \$30,000 loss forced ex-Buffet Dennis DeVal into bankruptcy. "He took every cent I had," says DeVal, 25, who now works as a deputy sheriff in Onondaga County, N.Y. "The other guys can keep playing and earn some more money. He's ruined my life."

Will future pros be wiser, will they use their time in college to gain the knowledge they need to manage their money? Pitt All-American Randy Holloway, a defensive lineman who dropped out of school after being drafted by the Vikings, says, "I can delay my education. But you can't delay football. That's where the money is."

Reynolds? "I'm not glamorous. I'm not beautiful," says Chris Evert, the first woman athlete to earn more than \$1 million. "I don't want to be on any plateau higher than anyone else."

But there she is, right up there with the paragons of modest demeanor and heavy bucks. Having banked \$503,134 in winnings last year and having recently signed a three-year, \$1-million contract with the Los Angeles Strlings of the WTT, the 23-year-old Evert understands the words of another all-American success story, John D. Rockefeller Jr.: "The only question with wealth," John D. once said, "is what to do with it."

Chris Evert chooses to do little with her loot; she is a cottage industry among the walking conglomerates of big-money sports. Her father, Jimmy Evert, runs Evert Enterprises out of the family's modest home in Fort Lauderdale. They have lived there for 16 years, and though Mrs. Evert feels that any house with five bedrooms is a cut above the "modest bungalow" she keeps reading about, modest it is.

Jimmy Evert is the tennis pro at the public courts down the street. Chris, the second-oldest of five children, still shares a bedroom with her sister Jeanne. She makes her own bed. She does not own a car. Her "only major thing" is a Russian lynx coat, a gift to herself on her 21st birthday. Modest is the word.

Not surprisingly, Evert Enterprises is no go-go operation. "A simple, conservative man with minimal material possessions," as Chris describes him, Jimmy Evert warns her about "overexposure" and "spreading yourself too thin." One manifestation of his cautious approach is that most of Chris' money is socked away in tax-free bonds. The interest isn't high, but the risks are very low.

Not too long ago, father and daughter relaxed at a private tennis club in Fort Lauderdale and chatted about the perils, as Chris put it, of "too many people taking a piece of me, knowing me too well."

One of the least financially committed players on the tour, Chris has turned down lucrative offers to lend her name to tennis clubs and resorts, because "I'm not too heavy on outside responsibility." She says cheese for Borden's and does endorsements for Puritan sportswear, Helene Curtis, Wilson and Converse, endeavors that yielded her approximately \$250,000 in 1977. But that's it. Ever protective of her time at home, she finds

her endorsements well suited to her, because "right now I only put in two or three days a year with each company."

Jimmy: "Chris, maybe you shouldn't say that."

Chris: "Dad, I'm telling the truth."
"I don't want my whole life to be dependent on tennis," she says. "I don't want it to be a business. To me it's still a sport, a healthy activity and fun." Agents are anathema, she says. "They take a 20% or 25% cut, and they call the players constantly. I don't want to spend my time on the phone with an agent." Their worst offense, she says, is prodding players to play in exhibitions from which agents take a big cut.

Jimmy: "Chris has never played in exhibitions."

Chris: "Dad, that's not quite right. I have played in a couple for charity."

The bigger prize money, she said, has taken some of the spirit and excitement out of the women's tour. "Some of the players are not working as hard as they should. The money made at the middle and bottom is better than on the men's tour. You can lose in the first round and make \$850. There are players happy with that. But the worst thing the money has done is make kids too competitive. Kids today are so wrapped up with tennis they look at it as their whole life. It's insane."

Surely there is something about the life-style of the queen of the courts that is a tad glamorous?

Jimmy: "Chrissie, you better tell the truth."

Chris: "I don't wash the dishes anymore."

As a bankable commodity, what distinguishes Chris Evert from the luminaries of team sports is the unique luster that goes with being No. 1 on a list titled Leading Money Winners. That is ultimately how tennis, golf and the other individual sports keep score: there are no won-lost percentages, no assists and no talk of group effort, just hard-cash numbers out front where everyone can marvel at the fruits of rugged individualism. It's the good old American way, and that fact gives the players of individual sports an advantage over their comrades in team games. Though a Jimmy Connors may be criticized for his abrasive behavior, nobody uses his winnings, which totaled \$922,657 from all of his matches in 1977, as a deprecating adjective.

How much more outside money Evert

might realize is evidenced by her male counterpart, Bjorn Borg.

A walking billboard, Borg is covered from head to toe with endorsements. Taking it from the top in 1977, he received \$50,000 a year to wear a head-band advertising Tuborg, a Danish beer. The Scandinavian Airlines System patch on Borg's left shoulder was good for \$25,000. He got \$200,000 for donning Fila shirts, shorts, socks and warmup suits, \$100,000 for using Bancroft rackets—plus \$2,000 for having them strung with VS gut—and \$50,000 for wearing Tretorn tennis shoes. By also lending his name to cars, cereals, games, comic books, statues, bed linen, jeans and towels, Borg earned from \$1.5 million to \$2 million.

While lacking the international clout of their rich cousins on the tennis and golf tours, the athletes in team sports have achieved a new celebrity status at home that extends well beyond their games. The salary explosion has touched off a chain reaction of interest among people who would not know a blitz from a blintz. Even Andy Warhol has done silk-screens immortalizing Tom Seaver as well as a number of individual sports biggies. "Sports figures are to the '70s what movie stars were to the '60s," Warhol says.

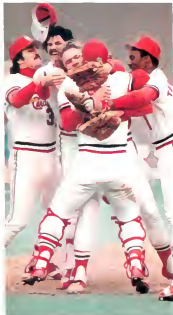
The notoriety is reminiscent of that attending the young Joe Namath, when he set the theme for the 1970s. After quarterbacking the Jets to their upset victory in the 1969 Super Bowl, he was awarded a new \$6,000 car as MVP—and his handlers asked for an appearance fee to pick it up.

Times change. Namath is now retired from the game, and one of his heirs, Tony Dorsett, is commanding \$5,000 per speaking engagement. Like *The Millionaire*, the current period of adjustment to the money craze was not only predictable but so is the outcome—a better order evolving from the initial chaos. At present, perhaps the fairest characterization of the modern pro athlete is offered by Jim Eakins, a center for the Milwaukee Bucks. He says, "Players think more, want more and get more. It can be bad but much of it is good."

Fans speak out in next week's third report on money. Are they turned off by big salaries? Do they blame players or owners for today's turnout?

Do they really know the score?

The decisions of the official scorers are almost always a hit with the home team, but the visitors feel that they often err



Bob Forsch of the Cardinals got to celebrate his no-hitter after a controversial call by Neal Russo (with cigar) of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

It was the eighth inning of a game on April 16, and Bob Forsch of the St. Louis Cardinals was pitching a no-hitter when Philadelphia's Garry Maddox slashed a hard grounder into the hole between short and third. Third Baseman Ken Reitz moved a couple of steps to his left, reached down—and came up empty as the ball slid under his glove. Baseball's rule book states that in a borderline situation a call should go in the hitter's favor, but in the late innings of no-hitters the custom has been to lean toward the pitcher. Sure enough, to the delight of the Cardinals, official scorer Neal Russo of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* signaled an error. Forsch then went on to pitch the first no-hitter of the 1978 season, and Russo went on to hear plenty of criticism.

This year, as in all recent seasons, the official scorer, that virtually anonymous but pivotal figure in the press box, has been under intense scrutiny. And for good reason. Though most scorers do a decent job under difficult circumstances, enough have been guilty of misjudgments, incompetence and home-team favoritism to warrant concern. Responding to a wide-ranging *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* survey, players and sportswriters—many of whom score games—cited scorers in most major league cities for "homerism."

Moreover, there was an almost universal feeling that some change is needed in the way the game is scored.

This is not merely an in-house baseball matter. Although official scorers do not determine the outcome of games, they do have a significant effect on something of almost equal significance: baseball's precious statistics. In no sport are statistics as meaningful as in baseball, and scorers have the power to determine some of the most important statistics, such as batting and earned run averages and no-hit games.

Sometimes the scorers make these determinations with one eye on the uniforms. "I've been involved in five or six no-hit games," says infielder Dave Johnson of the Phillies, "and all of them were suspected of being helped by hometown scoring." Steve Hirdi of the Elias Sports Bureau, official statistician of the National League, says, "There is great inconsistency. The most annoying things are plays that get called one way one time and another way another time. The criterion seems to be, 'I wanted to help this guy,' but that shouldn't be it at all. They should call them as they see them."

In some cities they call them as if they didn't see them at all. In Philadelphia this spring the Phils' Richie Hebner hit a line drive to rightfield, Pittsburgh's



Dave Parker ran in a few steps, reached for the ball at knee level and dropped it. The hometown scorer gave Hebler a single. In Los Angeles two Dodger grounders bobbled by Pittsburgh pitchers were called hits. During the same game Los Angeles' Tommy John leaped high off the mound for a bouncer. He failed to make the difficult play, but his pitching stats did not suffer—an error was called by the scorer. Even Russo, who was kept busy defending himself after his crucial call in the Forsch no-hitter, admits, "I think some tilting toward the home team happens almost everywhere. It's human nature. You've got to live with the players."

The confusion arises partly because scoring is not easy—even for the best scorers. Russo, 58, has spent two decades as a writer for the *Post-Dispatch* and is also a correspondent for *The Sporting News* and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. At 5' 8" and 190 pounds, he will never be mistaken for an athlete, but he knows baseball inside out. Indeed, his intellectual credentials are unassailable. As an undergraduate at the University of Pittsburgh, Russo would walk down the street constructing crossword puzzles in his mind in Latin, French and Italian. In his spare time he writes sports crosswords for publication. Nervous and fast talking, he skips glibly and knowledgeably from subject to subject. Yet after scoring nearly 800 games, he still finds the experience disquieting.

Sitting high in the press box at Busch Memorial Stadium for the 25 or so games he scores each year, Russo must instantly decide if a pitched ball bounced before skittering by the catcher. Wild pitch or passed ball? Did a ground ball take a bad hop before being juggled by an infielder? Hit or error? And Russo's decisions on plays in the distant outfield are made more difficult by Busch Stadium's carpeted playing surface. The synthetic turf tends to make balls take bizarre, high bounces and accelerate after they hit the ground. Under such conditions, time-honored criteria for determining outfield errors do not apply.

The scorer's decision-making is complicated by a factor called "a reasonable effort." Ken Brett lost a no-hitter with two outs in the ninth inning while pitching for the White Sox in 1976 when a scorer ruled that a roller Third Baseman

continued



THESE OLD BOTTLES go back to the days when Jack Daniel made them to observe special occasions.

One was for winning the Gold Medal at the 1904 World's Fair. And another, in 1896, on the 100th anniversary of Tennessee statehood. He even had his nephew make a special bottle for his favorite hotel, the Maxwell House, in Nashville.

But when it came to whiskey, Mr. Jack insisted on charcoal mellowing every drop. He was too good a whiskey man to change that, no matter what the occasion.



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Jorge Orta failed to field was a hit. The scorer determined that a reasonable effort by Orta had not produced an out, even though an extraordinary play might have. Not everyone agreed, least of all Brett. An average outfielder who drops a fly ball after a long run will not be charged with an error; a Fred Lynn, who routinely makes difficult running catches, will be. In his pivotal decision, Russo determined that Reitz, an excellent fielder, was nervous and uncertain because of the no-hit pressure and normally would have made the play easily. Hence the error.

Sometimes even the rule book causes problems. For instance, there is no stipulation on how to score a ball that drops between two or more befuddled fielders. The scorer is free to give one of the fielders an error or to credit the batter with a hit. Many scorers feel a new category—team error—should be created for these occasions, and the Baseball Writers' Association of America has been studying the matter.

A number of scorers admit they seek help. When in doubt they will consult other writers, players or umpires, or watch an instant replay if a TV set is available in the press box. "We have no TV monitor," says Russo, "but we do have a direct line to the dugout. I'll call down there on passed-ball situations. The Cardinals also have a former pro pitcher sitting behind home plate to chart pitches. I'll call him from time to time. We have 24 hours in which to change our calls, but I don't do that very often. If I did, I'd have the snipers and vultures on my tail."

It is the presence of snipers and vultures among the players that gives the scorers their worst headaches. Players are all too aware of the game's celebrated reversals. In 1917 Ernie Koob of the St. Louis Browns was given a no-hitter when an early-inning hit call was reversed. In 1952 Virgil Trucks got a no-hitter in the same manner. The most famous of the reversals that should have been made—but wasn't—came on a bobbled grounder in 1959. By calling the misplayed ball a hit, Los Angeles scorer Charlie Park deprived the Giants' Sam Jones of a no-hitter. Most of the 60,000 Angelinos in attendance booed. Afterward, Park was subjected to innumerable phone calls, interviews and letters from fans who suggested that he drop dead.

Players often feel the same way about scorers. When the writer who has dis-

pleased them enters the locker room for his postgame interviews, the vultures and snipers are waiting. They have refused to talk to writers, yelled at them and even attacked them. Cincinnati writer Earl Lawson was punched by Johnny Temple. When Bob Considine of the *Washington Herald* denied Senator First Baseman Joe Kuhel a hit, Kuhel invaded the press box and inexplicably took a swing at Shirley Povich of *The Washington Post*. Kuhel was fined \$100. A fan sent him \$50 with a note reading, "I'd have sent you the full \$100, but you missed."

Incidents of that sort have decreased since National League President Chub Feeney warned against scorer-baiting in 1974, but restraint should not be mistaken for good feelings toward scorers. If anything, players watch their individual statistics—and, thus, the scorers—more closely than ever now that their contracts are filled with potentially lucrative incentive clauses. Al Oliver of the Rangers, Graig Nettles of the Yankees and Steve Yeager of the Dodgers have been involved in notable confrontations with scorers.

Even a seemingly favorable call can sometimes arouse players' wrath. Earlier this season a scorer gave Reggie Smith of the Dodgers a hit on a ground ball to second base. Were Smith and his teammates pleased? Hardly. They were livid because Joe Morgan of the rival Reds, who might have been given an error on the play, was in the process of setting a record for most consecutive errorless games for second basemen. Smith would have gladly dropped a point or two in average to make sure Morgan did not break the record.

These constant skirmishes erode a scorer's patience. Even Russo, who has enjoyed excellent rapport with players, came unglued during the ruckus over his Forsch call. Snapped Mike Schmidt of the Phils, "I think Bob Forsch deserves all the accolades that go with pitching a one-hitter." Now Russo wonders if scoring is worth the trouble. "I've been doing it all these years because I need the 50 bucks a game. But I've always thought of life as a never-ending Italian wedding reception. This doesn't fit in."

There are other, more technical reasons to change the present setup. "When I was on the disabled list last year," says Willie Stargell of the Pirates, "I saw a lot of games from the press box. What

struck me was how every ball that was hit looked like an easy out. It doesn't look that way down on the field." The dugout, of course, is not a perfect vantage point, either. Some observers feel that a midpoint, perhaps behind home plate, would be an improvement over both the press box and dugout.

But taking the scorer out of the press box would take the press box out of the scorer. This question—whether the writers should be allowed to double as scorers—is at the heart of the debate over scoring.

Baseball is the only major sport in which writers score, and they have been on the job since before the turn of the century. Chosen by the local chapter chairman of the BBWAA, candidates for scoring are submitted to the league office. Those accepted are paid \$50 a game. For this stipend they make scoring decisions—mostly wild pitch-passed ball and hit-error determinations—and submit a voluminous report on each game to the league office. Because they inevitably have hassles over scoring with the players they are covering for their newspapers, there would appear to be a conflict of interest. Furthermore, since they are paid by the league to score they may be reluctant to criticize the game itself. Beginning with *The Washington Post* 20 years ago, many metropolitan dailies have been prohibiting their beat men from scoring. Among the other papers which ban their baseball writers from scoring are *The New York Times*, *Newsday*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *The Boston Globe*, *The Minneapolis Star* and the *Minneapolis Tribune* and all the major papers in Atlanta, Milwaukee, Detroit and Philadelphia.

"There's no conflict," says Jack Lang, secretary-treasurer of the BBWAA and a writer for the *New York Daily News*, which allows its reporters to score. "The teams aren't paying us, the leagues are. But it's true there are problems with the players. In the old days writers didn't go into the locker rooms. They preferred to pontificate from the press box. Now everyone interviews players."

Another writer-scorer who defends the system is Dick Dozer of the *Chicago Tribune*. "I doubt anyone could be as qualified as a baseball writer who sees 100 games a year," says Dozer. Unfortunately, fewer and fewer do. Generally, writers who score at home travel less than in the past. Some work for suburban or

continued

STANDARD: AM radio.	STANDARD: Whitewall tires.	STANDARD: 1.8 liter engine.	STANDARD: Bumper rub strips.	STANDARD: Sport steering wheel.	STANDARD: Body side moldings.
STANDARD: Console.	STANDARD: High Energy Ignition system.	STANDARD: Wheel trim caps.	STANDARD: Cigarette lighter.	STANDARD: Color-keyed instrument panel.	STANDARD: Glove compartment lock.
STANDARD: Deluxe grille.	STANDARD: Reclining bucket seats.	STANDARD: Four-foot-wide hatch.	STANDARD: Front disc brakes.	STANDARD: Deluxe Freedom battery.	STANDARD: Lock-and-place steering.
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Who wrote this? Len Deighton? Agatha Christie? John le Carré? No, it's from *The Burglary was for the Birds* by Robert Cantwell in *Sports Illustrated*, where the suspense of sports is not wholly confined to the playing fields.

Sports Illustrated

We are sports in print.

BASEBALL continued

specialty papers that do not send them on the road at all; neither they nor writers in recent expansion cities qualify under the BBWAA regulation that a scorer must have seen 100 big league games three years running. The result, almost inevitably, is a dropoff in quality and performance.

But problems would persist even if all scorers were experienced journalists. Consider the symbiotic relationship between writer and player. Although many baseball reporters are objective journalists, they still must make their living by maintaining daily contact with players; these writers will write sharply critical stories—that is part of the job—but, understandably, they hardly need the headache of making controversial scoring decisions. And some reporters have taken to collaborating with players on books; others even refer to their cities' teams as "we."

The result of all this is homerism, which is almost as traditional in baseball as a box of Cracker Jack. On the last day of the 1945 season a New York writer called an error on a ball hit by Snuffy Stirnweiss of the Yankees, who was battling Chicago's Tony Cuccinello for the hitting title. The call would have given the championship to Cuccinello, so the scorer reversed himself and Stirnweiss won. Certainly, not all of today's writers are homers, but even the best seem to suffer from too much generosity, which translates into hits instead of errors. Too often they score as fans, not officials.

One possible improvement would be the creation of a salaried "fifth umpire," an official scorer who would travel with the regular four-man crew and take his turn on the bases. The BBWAA and the umpires have suggested as much to the leagues. But while pro basketball has announced that it will spend \$600,000 to employ a third referee for each game, baseball is reluctant to ante up \$400,000 for improved scoring. Less expensive alternatives would be to train officials who travel to only three or four cities or remain in one. The decrease in the number of qualified and available scorers has already produced something like this in Milwaukee, where a retired writer does all the scoring.

Surely, any change that adds professionalism and subtracts bias would be welcome. If any area of baseball ought to be above suspicion, it is the game's vital statistics.

THE WEEK

July 9/10

by KENT HANNON

AL EAST Faced with a three-game losing streak and perhaps the end of his hopes for another world championship, Yankee owner George Steinbrenner made a number of moves. Among them:

- He told Reggie Jackson he would be a designated hitter instead of a rightfielder, until his hitting perked up. Jackson then helped win a game with a double in the 11th inning of a 7-6 win over Chicago.

- He moved Catcher Thurman Munson into Jackson's usual spot in rightfield, to protect Munson's aging knees and put rookie Mike Heath behind the plate. Munson responded with three hits in the win over the White Sox, including his fifth homer, and Heath added two singles.

- He announced that General Manager Cedric Tallis would have greater authority, presumably at the expense of President Al Rosen.

So what did Steinbrenner have at week's end for all his trouble? A team in deep trouble. Ron Gaudry's ERA over his past four starts was 5.28, and Don Gullett's arm was hurting again. The Yanks (1-3) were 11½ games out and fading fast.

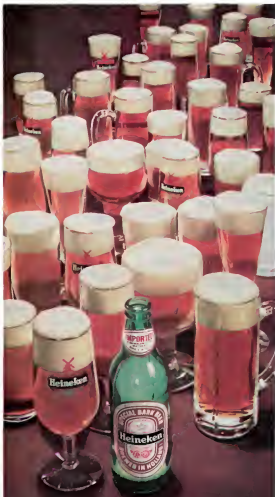
Boston (1-3) lost two straight in Fenway Park for the first time this season, despite three Red Sox home runs in each game. And of the team's three defeats, two came at the hands of old teammates—Ferguson Jenkins of Texas, who outdukked Mike Torrez 4-3, and Rick Wise of Cleveland, who beat Allen Ripley 7-1.

Milwaukee (3-1) picked up a couple of games on the division leaders, thanks to the 9-for-13 hitting of Don Money and complete-game wins from Mike Caldwell and Larry Sorensen.

Emerging from a season-long slump at the plate, Doug DeCinces of Baltimore (3-2) batted .500 for the week with 10 RBIs and three homers.

The good news in Detroit (1-3) was that Mark Fidrych pitched batting practice in Seattle and felt no pain in his injured right shoulder. The bad news was that the Bird will be sent down to the Florida State League to get some work and won't be returning before mid-August.

Gary Alexander hit his eighth home run in three weeks and Andre Thornton cracked three in two days, but the Indians (2-2) only broke even. Toronto (0-4) suffered its third winless week of the season, scoring only four runs in three games.



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BOS 58-28 MI 50-36 NY 47-40 BAL 48-41
DET 43-44 CLE 40-48 TOR 32-55

continued



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AL WEST

California (3-1), Kansas City (3-1) and Texas (4-1) all got rich at the expense of teams from the East. The Angels took three straight from Toronto and Detroit in Don Aase, Nolan Ryan, reliever Dyer Miller and Frank Tanana surrendered only 18 hits. The Royals romped over Baltimore 10-4, Milwaukee 9-2 and New York 8-2. The Rangers might have gone undefeated if Shoheets Campy Campaneris hadn't had a shouting match with Manager Bill Hunter and owner Brad Corbett. Angered at being ordered to hunt rather than swing away, Campaneris was benched in favor of Jim Mason, who made two errors on the same grounder to allow the winning run to score in an 8-7 loss to Baltimore.

Charlie Finley flew out to Oakland and made some changes among his A's, bringing to 55 the number of personnel moves he has engineered in half a season. Dave Revere helped sink Cleveland and Toronto with home runs on Thursday and Saturday. The A's (2-2) won 7½ innings against Minnesota's Dave Goltz without a hit, then spoiled the no-hitter with three singles in a 7-0 defeat. The Twins (1-3) had little to brag about except Ron Carow's league-leading batting average (.351) and his 2,000th career hit, one of 11 singles Minnesota got off Boston's Bill Lee in a 5-4 loss.

Chicago (2-2) was two outs away from humding Yankee ace Ron Guidry his second defeat of the season, when New York pinch hitter Cliff Johnson lofted a home run into the leftfield seats to tie the score at 6-6. When the Yanks won 7-6 in 11 innings, it spoiled the heroics of White Sox Third Baseman Eric Soderholm, who hit a pair of two-run homers off Guidry.

Seattle (3-1) hid its heroes in Leon Roberts, whose three-run home run tied a game with Detroit 4-4, and utility man Larry Milbourne, whose single drove in the winning run. Milbourne then knocked in five runs with a grand slam and a solo homer to help beat the Indians 7-6.

CAL 49-40 KC 46-41 TEX 45-42 OAK 45-45
MINN 39-43 CH 39-48 SEA 32-58

NL EAST

Through the division leading Phillies (11-2) stumbled slightly in Atlanta (page 22) no other team in the East was over .500 for the week, either. As has been their habit of late, the Cubs (2-2) won whenever reliever Bruce Sutler made an appearance. When he didn't, they lost. Sutler has pitched in 13 of Chicago's last 11 victories, and last week he helped Mike Krukow beat the Mets 4-3 for Krukow's third straight win since being recalled from Wichita. "A dose of the minor leagues will shake you up," said Krukow, who has allowed only two runs in his last 23 innings.

Pittsburgh (2-2) hasn't been above .500

since May 1, and a 6-5 loss to the Giants on Saturday marked the Pirates' 20th one-run defeat of the season.

Montreal (2-3) hasn't won two games in a row since June 22, despite a string of 17 consecutive games in which the Expos' hitters have knocked out the opposing team's starting pitcher. Outfield errors, wild throws and

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BRODERICK PERKINS: A major-league hit only a week, the Padres' first baseman binged out seven hits and knocked in five runs in a three-game span. Four of his hits were doubles, and a home run helped beat the Cubs.

a steal of home all contributed to last week's three defeats, which were particularly galling to Manager Dick Williams, who had just dictated penalties for everything from tardiness to not covering first base. Pitcher Ross Granley committed that sin but went on to throw a five-hit shutout over Houston. The Mets (11-3) only solace came in Cincinnati, where they beat Tom Seaver for the first time, 4-2. Catcher John Seavers, with his 12th steal of the year, has a chance to break the major league record of 23 for a catcher, set by John Kling of the Chicago Cubs in 1907 and equaled by Kling again the following year.

Pete Vuckovich of the Cardinals (2-2) fired a three-homer against Los Angeles, striking out eight batters, including Ron Cey, Steve Garvey, Dusty Baker, Rick Monday and Joe Ferguson in succession.

PHIL 47-36 CH 44-41 PIT 41-43
MONT 43-47 NY 37-52 STL 38-54

NL WEST

One of the most bizarre incidents of the season ended with this scene in St. Louis: ejected Dodger Patcher Don Sutton reemerges from the dugout—minus his cap and a good deal of his self-control—and looks out a page from the rule book to Umpire Doug Harvey who disgustedly brushes it to the ground. Sutton, looking for his 200th major league victory, was harassed by Harvey for punching with "deflected" baseballs. When the Cards' Mike Tyson fired out to Rick Monday to end the seventh inning, Harvey asked to see the ball. Monday bounced it to him, but Harvey could see the same kind of wall mark he had detected on two other balls used during the game. Emphasizing that he was not specifically charging that Sutton had doctored the balls, Harvey ejected the pitcher, who later said that Harvey "is depriving me of my right to make a living." Sutton then claimed he was going to sue the umpire.

While the Dodgers (1-3) were arguing about skull marks, the Giants (2-2) were holding off to their three-game lead in the

West. "Some people say we're lucky to be up there," said Patcher Bob Knepper, who beat Pittsburgh 4-0 for his 11th victory and third shutout of the year. Third Baseman Durrell Evans hit two home runs against the Pirates, then tied the score at 5-5 with an RBI single in the ninth inning. The Giants won in the 11th on a squeeze bunt by Second Baseman Rob Andrews.

For the first time since May 3b the Reds (3-1) fielded their regular starting lineup. Principal absences Johnny Bench and Joe Morgan responded handsomely. Bench going 6 for 9 and Morgan 5 for 13. Pete Rose set a club record by hitting in his 28th consecutive game.

The Padres (2-2) were still looking respectable as they neared the end of a 21-game road trip. Rookie First Baseman Broderick Perkins playing his first full week in the majors, had four doubles, five RBIs and a home run. And 29-year-old Gaylord Perry ran his record to 10-4 with a 5-2 win over the Cubs.

Atlanta (3-0) continued to ruin its image with head-up play, even completing a triple play against the Phillies. Jeff Burroughs, socked three out of the park and continued to lead the league in hitting at .325.

James Rodney Richard of Houston (3-2) struck out 22 batters in two games to run his total to 167 strikeouts in 150 innings, and reliever Ken Forsch won both ends of a doubleheader against Montreal.

SF 54-35 LA 51-38 CIN 51-38 SD 44-46
ATL 39-47 HOUS 38-48

THE ALL-STAR GAME

Though the law of averages seemed to preclude such a possibility, the National League beat the American League 7-3 in San Diego for its 15th victory in the last 16 games. Or for the 21st time in the last 26. Or just seven in a row.

The winners even spotted the All a 2-0 lead in the first inning as Red Carew tripled, George Brett doubled and Jim Rice rounded out, scoring Brett. When Carew tripled again in the third and Brett followed with a sacrifice fly, the score was 3-0.

The National League tied the game 3-3 in the bottom half of the third when Baltimore's Jim Palmer walked in a run and the Dodgers' Steve Garvey binged a two-run single to left. The score remained tied until the bottom of the eighth when Garvey, who was named the game's Most Valuable Player, led off with a triple to right off the Yankees' Rich Cossage. Cossage wild-pitched Garvey home with the eventual winning run, and before the inning was over, the Phillies' Bob Boone had singled in two more runs and L.A.'s Dave Lopes had singled in another.

Chicago's Bruce Sutter got the win for the National League, retiring all five men he faced. **END**

Gulp, it's the Tea Men!

Led by Mike Flanagan, the NASL's leading goal scorer, Boston beat the Cosmos twice and happily found itself, expansion club or no, in first place in its division

Last Wednesday night at the Meadowlands, Mike Flanagan was elated. With the NASL playoffs looming, he was the main reason the New England Tea Men were leading the Eastern Division of the American Conference. A week before he had scored the game's only goal as his expansion club beat the Cosmos in overtime at Foxboro, Mass. Four days later, at home against California, he had scored five times, equaling the NASL record for a single game. And now at the Meadowlands, barely two minutes into

a match against the defending league champions, Flanagan had put in the first goal of a 3-1 win, the Cosmos' first home defeat in 24 games. The goal was Flanagan's 28th of the season, tops in the league.

In gaining successive wins over the Cosmos, the NASL's most glamorous adolomment, the first-year Tea Men seemed rather audacious. Yet Flanagan did not think there was anything fluky about the victories. New to the NASL this season himself, after having played seven years with Charlton Athletic, a not-altogether-fashionable London club, the 25-year-old center forward takes a hard, professional view of the game. "They booted us when we ran out on the field," he said following the win at the Meadowlands. "That's what I call a sign of respect. You know, you get teams you sort of favor playing against. The Cosmos, they've got a lot of skilled players and they like to knock the ball around slowly. That suits us because we've got players who can break very quickly. We are very direct. Too many teams go to the Cosmos and get overawed by them." And Flanagan insisted that in a third confrontation with the Cosmos—like, say, in Soccer Bowl 78—the Tea Men will prevail once again.

Certainly Flanagan had not seemed overawed by the Cosmos when he scored the first goal on Wednesday. Standing on the 35-yard line, he eluded Werner Roth and ran in toward the goal. "I tried to play a wall pass to Lawrie Abramson," he said. "A little bit of ricocheting went on, then the ball came back to me. As the goalie came out, I faked to shoot, then went to one side and gave myself an open goal."

Flanagan is not the only English player on a scoring rampage

in the NASL. There is also Trevor Francis, center forward of England's national team, who is on loan to the Detroit Express from Birmingham City. Dr Birmingham, as native sons put it. He had joined the Express, also an expansion club, in late May, arriving without fuss. Since then he had scored eight goals in 12 games as Detroit took over first place in the Central Division of the American Conference. Thanks to Flanagan and Francis, it is proving to be a good year for NASL expansion teams.

Francis' deeds in the U.S. would not surprise the fans at St. Andrews Stadium in Birmingham, where they like to sing, "Ay, ay, ay, ay, Trevor is better than Pelé." Francis is more dangerous in front of the goal, faster, stronger and more inventive than the aging Pelé was when he joined the Cosmos. In fact, almost unnoted, for the first time in the NASL a player had arrived who was not only in the front rank of world soccer but was also in his prime. Dr maybe had not quite reached it, which is a bit of a statement since Francis has already played for England many times, most recently in a 4-1 thrashing of Hungary a few weeks before the World Cup.

For the San Jose game last Wednesday, Francis had attracted two rather special fans. There was Ken, neat, small and intense. And Dick, neat, tall and more intense. They kept a tight grip on their British Airways flight bags as they looked around with some awe at the Pontiac Silverdome. Ken explained what they were doing so far from home. "Promised Trevor, din' we, Dick? When we saw him off at Heathrow? Said we'd come over and see 'm, din' we? We got the Birmingham papers for 'im an' a poster. I'm a Birmingham supporter, see?"

"An' I'm a England supporter, see?" Dick added, eschewing this provincialism. The visitors were still jet-lagged and only just over the trauma of discovering that 29,000 Shrimers had filled every hotel room in Detroit. But they had finagled someone into putting them up on couches one night, and then the Detroit club had found them a precious room so they could single-mindedly carry out their promise to Trevor.

The man who had moved these two slightly bewildered fans to fly the Atlantic is deceptively frail-looking. Yet the Chaplinesque splay of Francis' feet, his cello-like body swerves and his elfin features could become, by 1982, when they

Tickered out: Flanagan took a spill against Rochester

1947.
The MG-TC.



1970.
The 240-Z.



1953.
The Corvette.



Now, the Mazda RX-7



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The MG-TC in 1947. Tweed caps and stringback gloves. The 'Vette in 1953. Easing into the drive-in with the top laid back. The 240-Z in 1970. Makin' it down to Malibu at 6,500 on the tach. Those were cars that made you feel different about driving. They don't come along very often. But now there's the 1979 Mazda RX-7.

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play the World Cup in Spain, as familiar as Pelé's wide grin was in the 1960s.

Against San Jose Francis showed what he can do. With the ball on the touch line and Francis apparently trapped by three defenders, his back to the field, he would suddenly wriggle clear like Houdini—and you couldn't figure out how he had done it. Center forwards who are shooting machines and not much else are common enough. Those who can shoot and can also tackle aggressively and pass, like Trevor Francis, are the rarest thing in soccer.

Less than three minutes into the game Francis started to justify Ken's and Dick's air fares by stabbing in a goal. Twenty minutes later he scored again. Detroit led 3-0 at half time and then came the deluge. The San Jose defense, confused by Francis' roamings from wing to wing, split apart. He centered for David Bradford, who headed in a goal, and then came Francis' own hat-trick goal. It soon was 8-0. Detroit and reporters began thumbing through the NASL record book. Nine goals, it seemed, was the record for club scoring in one game. With two minutes to go, Francis got his fourth goal and then, just as time ran out, a Detroit attacker was hacked down in the penalty box. Francis took the penalty shot, which was good, making the final score 10-0. Detroit's 10 goals was a record, and the five put in by Francis tied the individual record shared by four others, including Flanagan.

Records aside, the week did little to settle divisional races. Despite their two losses to New England, the Cosmos had the National Conference East all but locked up. In the American Conference, San Diego and Detroit seemed solid bets to win their divisions. The Central Division of the National Conference, though, was still a daylight between Minnesota and Tulsa.

Tulsa enhanced its chances at home Thursday night against Portland. The Timbers had achieved four consecutive shutouts behind Mick Poole, their 23-year-old goalie. And Tulsa was without Billy Caskey, its best striker, and two starting defenders, Stojan Nikolic and Radoslaw Baranec.

But the dripping Oklahoma humidity took its toll on Portland. Forward Clyde Best was slow and easily dispossessed of the ball. Meanwhile, Tulsa's Bill Sautter, a 22-year-old from Abington, Penn., ran strongly in attack and teamed well with

the veteran Jimmy Redfern. On one of Sautter's forays into the Portland penalty area, he was brought down. Minoslay Zec scored from the resulting kick and Tulsa won 1-0. The loss dropped Portland to second in the Western Division of the American Conference behind Vancouver, which had defeated Dallas 6-1 the night before.

For Tulsa, the week's rewards were not quite over. Moving to Minnesota Saturday night, the Roughnecks met the Kicks in a game whose pace compellingly recalled croquet on the bishop's lawn. There were times when Charlie George, the gifted player Minnesota recruited from Derby County in the English First Division, broke free of the careful attention of the Roughnecks' Jim McKeown, but the first shot of any real meaning didn't come until 20 minutes into the game, when Tulsa's Redfern was close with a low, hard drive. So it went, for the first half. It was the kind of game that appeared destined to be scoreless right to the end of regulation time.

It didn't work out that way, but only because of a disastrous attempt by Alan Merrick, Minnesota's captain, to clear under pressure. What happened was scarcely believable, but scarcely unprecedented, either. Merrick ballooned the ball over his own goal. It didn't balloon high enough. Gracefully it dropped over the goalie's head and into the net. Embarrassingly, it was the third time this season that a Minnesota player had scored against his own club.

It ended that way, 1-0 Tulsa, giving the Roughnecks a two-point lead in the Central Division of the National Conference, and dimming 35,000 Kick fans, whose uncritical commitment to their team is wondrous to behold. The game's dawdling pace could be explained partly by the fact that Tulsa had played just 48 hours earlier and Minnesota just 72 hours before—far from unusual in the NASL. Those games, moreover, had been played in sweltering summer temperatures; in Tulsa's case, its home game against Portland had started in 100-plus weather. First-class soccer players in Europe or South America would go on strike over such conditions. Except in the U.S., soccer is a fall and winter game, as its 90 minutes of continuous running would seem to demand. It is easy to see why U.S. soccer often tends to be played at a noticeably slower pace than elsewhere.

In the case of pro soccer, there is a clear reason for both the jam-packed scheduling and for the summer season. At this stage of its development, the NASL depends heavily on loan players from European teams, particularly from England, where the season starts in late August and finishes virtually at the end of April. Until this dependency on available foreigners ends, no solution to this barely acceptable hardship on NASL players seems at all likely.

The demanding schedule also caught up with Mike Flanagan's Tea Men. With Tampa Bay breathing down their necks in their division, the Tea Men figured to romp over Rochester, even though they were playing at the Lamors' tiny, cramped Hollister Stadium on uneven grass, which is poorly suited to the New England style. But in less than two minutes Rochester went ahead on an extraordinary goal by Julio Baylon, who played for Peru in the '74 World Cup. With his back to the goal, he bicycle-kicked over his head and into the net. Thereupon a fan shouted, "Don't let them play." Which is exactly the strategy Rochester followed. Its defenders resorted to an offside trap, an old trick in which the defense moves forward, suddenly putting the opposing forwards in offside positions. Even so, just before halftime, Flanagan broke free and got off a shot that Goalie Rutka Svirar parried feebly, enabling Lawrie Abrahams to tie it, 1-1.

The game was physical, with 26 fouls called on Rochester alone. Gerry Daly scored on a penalty kick, putting New England ahead 2-1, but the Tea Men were visibly tiring. A minute later Rochester's Ibraim Saliva tied it up. And then, with 10 minutes left to play and Rochester applying intense pressure, defender Hugo Nacolin, who had come up into the attack, scored to win the game for Rochester, 3-2.

In the locker room, Mike Flanagan was not as elated as he had been at the Meadowlands. On the contrary he groaned and said, "I was pathetic." A letdown was probably excusable, considering all the games he had been playing. As Noel Cantwell, New England's coach, said, "We couldn't have had a worse match after Wednesday. We had no life. We had tired bodies trying to push themselves forward. We went from a best performance to a worst." Such, perforce, is life in the NASL.

END



Over the Colorado mountains, across the valleys and into exhaustion, the cyclists found that eight days and 600 miles of agony aren't everybody's cup of tea

The Red Zinger Classic is one of cycling's sternest tests. It is a torturous eight-day series of races over the mountains and through the hamlets of Colorado, the riders laboring across snowy passes that would spook a skier and pushing along interminable stretches of sultry flatlands. All the while they are broiled by the sun, pelted by hail, harassed by dogs and bathed in sweat. The winners are the survivors.

Imagine pedaling up a mountain road that would make the family V-8 cough, then racing down the other side at 65 mph, careening around hairpin curves that threaten to turn you into a two-wheeled glider and then, in the middle of it, realizing that you have 90 more miles to go today and another week ahead of you.

Put it all together, and it is North America's biggest amateur bicycle race. Paradoxically, it is also the world's richest. In cycling, amateurs are allowed to receive up to \$209 a day in prize money, and they can earn even more through covert payments from their teams. "You might say it's illegal to give someone a \$20 bill but legal to give them 20 \$1 bills," confided one official. Lured by the Zinger's \$42,800 in money and merchandise—

The Zinger was a real humdinger

including a Volkswagen Rabbit to the men's overall winner—national teams from Australia, Colombia, Mexico, Holland, Switzerland, New Zealand and Great Britain, as well as the U.S. National Club, showed up last week.

The Classic began with time trials and a 75-mile Criterium through the streets of Boulder and ended last Saturday with a 49-mile Criterium around one of the town's parks. Between those events, the 152 men and women riders flogged themselves on the hairy mountain roads between Vail and Aspen and on the bubbling tar of Denver's streets, the week and a day's activities adding up to a stunning 600 miles of racing.

To do well in an international stage race like the Zinger takes more than an undeveloped pain threshold and overdeveloped quadriceps, the thigh muscles that identify serious riders by almost hanging over their kneecaps. It also takes teamwork, strategy, guile and sometimes cheating. One cyclist was disqualified when he hitched onto the side of a truck going up a mountain. Another was banned from further competition for failing to take his dope test. Several times riders almost came to blows over gamesmanship, such as forcing a rider to thrash into the wind at the head of the field, courting exhaustion while the others conserve their strength in a pack behind.

This was the fourth Zinger, an event started in 1975 by Mo Siegel, the 28-year-old president of Celestial Seasonings, a Boulder-based herbal tea company whose best-selling product is called Red Zinger, and his partner, John Hay. Like many Coloradans exhilarated by mountain air and organic food, Siegel frequently says such things as "I'm into health." In fact, the local health craze is so pervasive that it spills over into assault and battery. Last week an elderly Greeley woman threw a large chunk of frozen cauliflower at her 78-year-old roommate

continued



Next time you serve Chivas at a party, do something really impressive.
Serve enough.

By the time police arrived, however, the tussle was over and the two women had cooked the missile and were peacefully eating it.

Siegel sees the bicycle as a panacea for everything from clogged arteries, both human and concrete, to fallen arches, and the Red Zinger played to enthusiastic crowds; some 40,000 gathered in North Boulder Park on Saturday to watch the final event and to groove on the sound of humming wheels and panting riders.

All through the week, interest centered on the developing individual duel between Wayne Stetina, the defending Zinger champion and current U.S. road titlist, and George Mount, an exuberant 22-year-old from Lafayette, Calif. who finished sixth in the individual road race at the Montreal Olympics, the best showing ever made by an American. Stetina, 24, is a member of the "Wandering Stetinas," a nomadic clan that is based in Indianapolis but spends most of its time traveling around the country winning bike races. The family includes Dale, 22, who was on his brother's team in the Zinger, as well as Roy, the boys' father and coach. "I guess we go about 40,000 miles a year," said the elder Stetina, who has two younger sons, Joel, 17, and Troy, 14, pedaling their way up in the sport.

As expected, the Zinger's early team leaders were the Dutch, who were particularly adept at blocking and sprinting in the flat racing, despite a certain helplessness on the hills because of the pancake terrain back home. In fact, to practice climbing, the Dutchmen use the gentle grades of expressway exit ramps, the only hills in Holland. Thus they were handicapped when the racing moved into the mountains, first with the Boulder Mountain Road Race, in which winner Phillip Anderson of Australia had to overcome fog, a hailstorm and chilling rain along the 93-mile run, and then in the 98-mile Aspen-to-Vail event, in which the cyclists were tested by the 12,000-foot Independence Pass. Plinio Casas, a Colombian, won that one, averaging just over 23 mph to finish in 4:11:10, three seconds ahead of Bob Cook, a Coloradan from Englewood.

With six stages of the Classic completed last Thursday morning, Wayne Stetina had two seconds and good showings in other events to take the overall in-

dividual lead. In total time he was 1:41 ahead of Tom Prehn, Mount's teammate on the U.S. squad. Mount, meanwhile, was mired in eighth, 3:12 back. In spite of his position, he was complaining that the racing was too easy. The tougher the better for Mount. He had finished fourth in this year's Milk Race in England, a 14-day, 1,100-mile grind that the U.S. team entered during a three-month trip to Europe. Wayne Stetina, preferring to train for the Zinger, declined to join the tour, which ruffled feelings a bit because he is a two-time Olympian. His brother Dale was recuperating from an automobile accident and also did not go abroad. The Stetinas consequently were a little smug about holding a 2-22 lead over the U.S. riders in the team competition.

But Thursday was the day of the dreaded Morgul-Bismark race, a grueling 92-mile test over a 13-mile route on the outskirts of Boulder. The only thing charming about the Morgul-Bismark is its name, which stems from the two cyclists who first tackled it several years ago. One had a cat named Morgul, the other a dog named Bismark. The course was "an all-out pump," meaning that the riders had no time for coasting. The route is virtually treeless, with only brief bursts of shade, and naturally the race took place when the temperature was in the 90s.

Both Wayne and Dale Stetina have outstanding academic records—Wayne graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Indiana University and Dale has a 4.0 average as a junior at IU—but on this day they were outmaneuvered. Early in the race Mount blasted away from the pack, with Alan Kingsbery of Lima, Ohio joining him, and inexorably the pair opened a lead. They were alone with their paces over the final 60 miles, eyes downcast as they attacked the course's fearsome stretches, one called "The Hump," the other "The Wall," a particularly horrible 200-yard incline at the finish. While Mount and Kingsbery took turns pacing each other, the Stetinas were trapped back in the pack, blocked in their efforts to break away, and slowly becoming exhausted. Their father, Roy, stood impatiently along the road as Mount lengthened his lead. (He eventually finished nine minutes and 25 seconds ahead of Wayne.)

"It's now or never," someone called to Wayne near the finish. "It's never." Stetina wheezed back, his strength gone. He dropped nearly 3½ minutes on the final lap alone.

"Today was George Mount's day," said Mike Neel, the coach of the U.S. team. "We told him to show his teeth, and he did." Neel, who had put a sign in the window of the team station wagon that read THIN, RABBIT, had approached several riders who were low in the standings and had asked them to help block the Stetinas. "Wayne and Dale had to do all the pulling," said Mark Pringle of the U.S. team. "We let them die out there on their bikes."

The Stetinas were upset, claiming chicanery. "People were blocking who had nobody up ahead in the lead, and that's illegal," claimed Roy. And outsiders buzzed that financial inducements were used to get the other riders on the U.S. team's side. "I heard one rider say before the race, 'My money's in the bank,'" said one man. "Cycling has its Mafia," said another.

At any rate, Mount's showing lifted both him and his teammates into insurmountable leads, assuring victory since only two stages remained, both Critériums in which it was all but impossible to make up significant time. But just to make sure, Neel instructed U.S. team mechanic Steve Aldridge to closely guard the bikes in case of sabotage. "Sometimes things come loose on a bicycle that shouldn't come loose," said Aldridge.

But in the last two days everything hung together. Large crowds showed up in Denver's Washington Park on Friday and in Boulder on Saturday as the Europeans again took center stage in the flat racing. Switzerland's Marcel Summermatter winning the first event and Belgium's Noel Dejonckheere the second. And the fans cheered as Keesie Van Oosten-Hage of Holland raced to overall victory in the women's division. The last notable attack came on Saturday when Stetina raced to second, a bike length behind Dejonckheere, to take third place overall, behind Bob Cook.

And so after eight days and more than 600 arduous miles, the Red Zinger Classic finally was over. The racers straggled away, red from the sun but with very little zing left.

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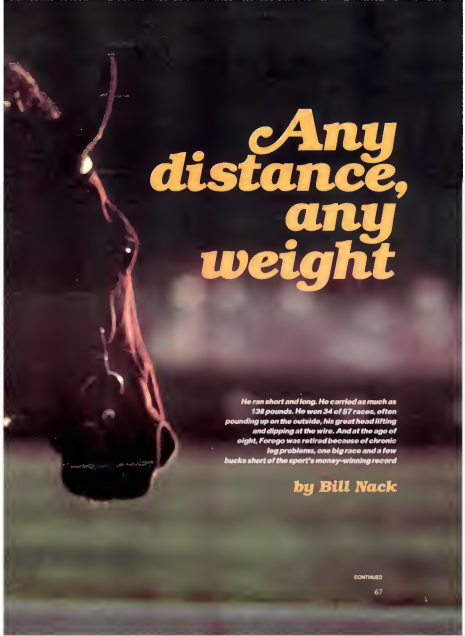
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Any distance, any weight

He ran short and long. He carried as much as 138 pounds. He won 34 of 57 races, often pounding up on the outside, his great head lifting and dipping at the wire. And at the age of eight, Forego was retired because of chronic leg problems, one big race and a few bucks short of the sport's money-winning record

by Bill Nack

CONTINUED

A bank of clouds, gray and moving fast, slipped west toward New York City, passing low above the barns at Belmont Park. Two cats picked their way between puddles outside the Calumet shed, and every now and then someone splashed across the yard past Barn 10, past Frank Whiteley's barn, where the trainer was standing at the door of Forego's stall.

The weather had not held for Whiteley, and it was not holding now. It was July 4, Independence Day, the day of the \$106,400 Suburban Handicap at a mile and a quarter, the day that Forego was to make his run in the record. It had been lovely all week. The racetrack had been dry and fast—the kind of track that Forego likes best—until the day before the race. It rained most of that day and all night into the morning of the Fourth, and by noon the racetrack was a mousse.

Whiteley had been hoping for a turn in the weather. A bright sun, mounting with a steady wind, might have dried the track by race time. But there was no sun on the Fourth, only the wind that turned the manes of the horses standing in their stalls. Inside Stall 24, tethered to the rear wall by a shank and bathed in the glow of a warming lamp, Forego craned his neck to see behind him. His coat, normally a dappled walnut brown, seemed now eerily afire, a reddish gold in the light from the sunlamp on the ceiling. He was listening to the voices behind him.

"Fix up his nose," Whiteley asked.

"Yep," Shotgun Hampton said.

"Wipe it out good!"

"Yes," Hampton said.

The two men get on well. Hampton, at 45, has been around horses most of his life, working for this outfit and that, and finally for Whiteley and Forego. Whiteley had given Shotgun his handle

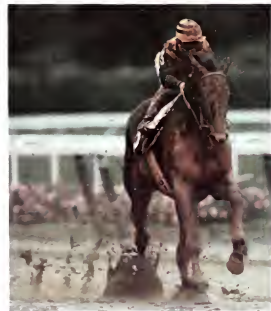
Hampton, not to be outdone, sometimes calls Whiteley Cottonhead, aiming the reference at the trainer's white hair.

"Ornery cuss, isn't he?" Whiteley said.

It was 4:40 in the afternoon. Bobby Witham, Forego's exercise rider, came by. "Uh-oh," Frank said. "Here comes trouble. What do you want?"

The jocularity was superficial, a tonic mixed for hours like these. Once again, through instinct and patience learned working with horses years ago, Whiteley had brought the aging Forego, now eight, back to the races again. This time, which he felt could be the last, it was for the horse's chance to become the leading money-winning thoroughbred in history and the first to win \$2 million in purses. In more than five years on American racetracks, predominantly on the nation's most demanding circuit, in New

To soothe Forego's aching legs, they were hoisted with jets of cold water for three hours a day.



York, Forego had earned \$1,938,957. He needed but \$38,940 to pass Kelso, whose lifetime earnings of \$1,977,896 had been the record since 1964, and \$61,043 to make the \$2 million.

"Second million's a lot harder than the first million," was Whiteley's curt assessment of the task.

Forego's increasing infirmities and his advancing age were making it only harder—harder to bring him back every year, to keep him sound enough to stand training from race to race, to get him to the races. Whiteley knew that time was running out for the old horse. At eight, he was already two years beyond the prime years of a racehorse, and behind him lay long, difficult years of racing and training, years of preparing to race the best horses in America and meeting them at all distances, usually carrying high weight, years of long morning gallops and longer morning gallops, of five-furlong sharpeners and fast mile works, of three-

furlong blowouts and half-mile tighteners and six-furlong breezes at six in the morning, of winding down and winding up, walking here and jogging there, and driving on the outside on the turn for home, racing hard from six to 16 furlongs.

His left front ankle condition, chronically a problem since he was a yearling on the farm, had become aggravated from the relentless pounding of the hoof on the racetrack. Where there was once an ankle roughly the size of an orange, there was now a remodeled knob, a softball gone mushy—enlarged, lopsided and disfigured. The right front ankle, though not as unsightly, had suffered the same stresses and had also been troublesome in the past. Favoring the left leg, he occasionally oversteered the right rear, and at times it had filled with fluid. The left front pastern, that spring section of the leg between the ankle and hoof, was misshapen by a ringbone, a growth that developed at the end of his 1977 campaign. The ringbone, inflamed and painful, put him out of training.

The ringbone had seemed less troublesome when Whiteley turned him out at his winter home in Cunden, S.C., and it appeared that the ankles had entered a state of remission. Neither they nor the ringbone had bothered him this spring when Whiteley brought him north to Belmont Park for a last try at the record. He had won his only start this year, an allowance race at seven-eighths of a mile, jockey Bill Shoemaker, not wanting to impress Belmont handicapper Tommy Trotter, made the last eighth a work of art, hanging it on Dr. Patches at the pole to win by a neck. Now Forego was back again, for the Suburban in the slop.

"Let's get him ready," Whiteley said. Taking the bridle off the door, he ducked inside the sawdust-carpeted stall, unfettered the horse's shank from the rear wall and turned him slowly around. "Get over, Joe," he growled, using Forego's nickname. "Come on, get your butt over there." Forego turned as deliberately as a graffe, stuck out his nose and took the bit in his teeth. Whiteley brought him to the door. Hampton ducked inside and sponged him clean, brushing the mane and foretop. Whiteley adjusted the bridle and slipped a halter over it. Forego

raised a foot and planted it on a rein, playing Laurel to Whiteley's Hardy. "Git off that, you ol' horse," the trainer said.

It was nearly time. Outside the stall, Whiteley looked Forego up and down once more.

"Take him around," he told Hampton. Off they went, horse and groom, around the shed.

"Looks good, don't he?" Whiteley said. "Shame to take him over there and git him all muddy."

Whiteley waited for him by the door at the end of the barn, drawing up the collar of his trench coat to ward off the unexpected summer chill. A red tie flourished around his neck and he clamped his fedora down tight. All week he had fretted, first about the 132 pounds that Trotter had given the horse—two pounds more than the winner of the Metropolitan Handicap, Cox's Ridge—and later about the increasing difficulties and dangers of running Forego at all. But the record was almost his, the one that owner Martha Gerry wanted for the horse, that Whiteley wanted for the horse, but which seemed at that moment in the overcast, a half hour before post time of the Suburban, a thing more and more abstract. Especially at moments like this, and through the days leading to the race, Whiteley thought often of his great filly Ruffian. He lighted another cigarette.

"I'm afraid the old horse is gonna hurt himself," he said. "He's got problems and you worry about him every time you send him over there. It's a risk anytime you send one over there, but with him the risk is greater with the problems that he's got. He's smart, though. Knows how to take care of himself. Has more sense than we do. Let's just hope he comes back all right."

Wearing a yellow blanket, lifting his head in the air, Forego stepped out into the silver light and started for the tunnel leading to the paddock.

Forego had always managed, with varying degrees of soundness, to come back all right, ever since he gained his legs as a foal at Kentucky's Claiborne Farm in the spring of 1970. Martha Gerry first saw him there. He was standing in an open field with his dam, Lady Golconda, all eyes and legs, just getting the hang of the mechanics of his motion. There was little in his breeding and noth-

Continued



Because Forego was struggling in the mud, Shoemaker didn't ask anything of him in his last race.

Forego continued



Frank Whiteley, Forego's trainer, had visions of the horse breaking down, and owner Martha Gerry made the decision after seeing 3 races.



ing in the sashay of the walk to suggest he would master the mechanics so thoroughly that he would become a hand-icapped horse carrying high weights at high speeds, or that one day he would dominate the best of three generations of foals sown against him.

Martha Farish Gerry grew up in Houston, the daughter of William Farish, an oil executive, and the former Libbie Rice, the scion of an old Texas family whose founders endowed a university with part of their fortune and all of their name. Martha lived in Houston until she was 14, when her father left the Humble Oil Co. of which he was president to become the president of Standard Oil of New Jersey. Farish had a farm in Florida, where he hunted quail, and a ranch in Texas he called the Lazy F. "A marvelous man," his daughter says. "He made everything fun. A great companion—tennis, bridge, hunting, let's-go-to-the-races."

Her father first took her to the races at Saratoga during the 1930s, and it was there that he eventually got involved in the business of breeding. He bought four fillies at a sale with the intention of racing and then breeding them, but what plans he had he never carried out. Farish died in 1942, on the eve of his retirement, at age 61.

Farish left Martha the hunting farm in Florida, and also the desire to stay in the game. The family already had ties to Claiborne Farm through dealings and friendship with its owner, Arthur (Bull) Hancock, and it was these ties that led to Forego. In the wake of World War II, Bull Hancock emerged as the most powerful force in the breeding business in the United States. He imported Nasrullah to these shores, and in that single stroke he altered the breed. Nasrullah sired Bold Ruler, who himself would emerge as the prepotent sire in American bloodstock history. Hancock was a raconteur and sportsman who could mix business and pleasure with the same straw and facility with which he stirred his bourbon and water.

Late in the 1960s, as Martha Gerry recalls it now, Hancock was a houseguest at the hunting place in Florida when he learned that he had a chance to buy Forego, the undefeated giant of the Argentine turf. Hancock returned from the telephone and told Martha Gerry of his opportunity. She boarded mares at Claiborne, including Lady Golconda, which

she had not bought "for about \$25,000" from trainer Harry Trotter.

"By the way," Hancock said, "a share in Forego is a very good investment." Sold to the lady from Lady F.

In the spring of 1969, she sent Lady Golconda, a daughter of the 1954 Preakness winner, Hasty Road, to Trotter's court. It was another one of those remarkable years at Claiborne Farm. That spring, in the same breeding shed, Bold Ruler was sent to the Princequillo mare Somethingroyal, while Pretense had an assignment with Sequoia, another daughter of Princequillo. In the spring of '70, Somethingroyal foaled Secretariat. Sequoia dropped Sham, and Lady Golconda gave birth to Forego. Whatever the farm's conception rate that spring, an essence it was three for three.

Secretariat was the most brilliant and precocious member of his generation—Horse of the Year at two, syndicated for \$6.08 million at three, the first Triple Crown winner in 25 years, and Horse of the Year again. Sham was his foil, pressing him to records, and ultimately his victim. Broken down, Sham never got beyond the Belmont Stakes. Forego missed most of those dances, developing in his own way. Secretariat and Sham were already at stud, in fact, by the time Forego really found his legs.

He did not race at two. Sherrill Ward, who trained the Gerry horses, had him in his Belmont shed that spring, along with all the youngsters he was training, but Forego already had the bad ankle that has plagued him all his life. Just as bad for training purposes, he was a bully and a rogue, coming of age as the most promiscuous and ill-mannered boarder in the barn. By July his escapades in the shed were storied. He leered and lunged at fillies walking by. He ate hay and oats and fingers and arms. No wardrobe was safe. And he was enormous, tall and strong. He so terrified his first handler, a youngster new to the game, that the groom would not go into his stall. He lunged at his exercise girl, biting her just above the hip, and tried to savage any passerby.

"Very hard to handle," Martha Gerry recalls. "He was very studdish. Very difficult. We just decided that if he was to be any account at all, he ought to be gelded. Too bad it had to be, but it had to be."

The gelding of Forego dovetailed with other plans that Ward had for healing

continued

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the horse's leg ailments. "I knew he could run as a 2-year-old," he recalls. "He could beat all my other 2-year-olds, but he was so big and cumbersome. Then he developed some splints and he had that left sesamoid problem even then. He either had that from birth, or as a suckling. It was evident almost about July and August that the horse shouldn't be pressured."

In August at Saratoga, where Secretariat was turning his field around in the Hopeful Stakes, the unraced Forego was castrated. That ended his training for the year. He was so big; and with a condition already so troublesome, that Ward and his friend and assistant, Eddie Hayward, doubted they could bring him very far. "Eddie and I thought he wouldn't last the year as a 3-year-old," Ward says.

One problem did not follow them to the new year. "In all the years I trained horses," Ward says, "I've never seen a horse react so well to castration as he did. It almost changed him in a week. I never saw a horse, young or old, respond like that." Forego still grabbed at errant fingers, but the studdishness was gone, and he came to Hialeah with the mutton turned to muscle and with racing on his mind. He was large but light on his feet, already something of an athlete in January. By May, in the 1973 Kentucky Derby, Forego was moving hotly at the far turn, under jockey Pete Anderson, when Our Native nudged him and he hit the rail, sending up a puff of white puffs. He continued on to finish fourth, beaten 11 lengths by Secretariat, almost nine by Sham, a half by Our Native. "Should have been third in the Derby," Ward says.

Ward had seen enough of Secretariat. Forego passed up the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes, though he ran brilliantly on Belmont Day, winning an allowance race by nine lengths in near-record time. But the ankle grew inflamed again, and he came back dead lame. Ward brought him along slowly, and before the summer was out he was back again.

The horse really became good that fall. On Nov. 10, Forego lost to the older North Sea, a fast gray, but two weeks later he came from way off the pace and smashed his field in the Roamer Handicap, his first stakes win. Roamer was a great gelding of years ago, an extremely fast horse who could carry weight. Helio Hughes, who trained George Smith to win the 1916 Kentucky Derby, remembers Roamer. He met Hayward in the

winner's circle where Hughes presented the trophy. "This is a better horse than Roamer," Hughes confided to Hayward.

Forego closed out his 3-year-old campaign by winning the Discovery Handicap under 127 pounds, racing the nine furlongs in 1:47½, one-fifth of a second off the track mark. He had won nine of 18 for the year, and almost \$190,000.

"We always thought he was a good horse," Ward says, "but after the Roamer and the Discovery we felt now we had ourselves an even better horse." Over the next four years he would establish himself as one of the great American weight carriers of all time. The theory of handicapping is simple: assigning better horses higher weights in order to make the race more competitive. Unfortunately for Forego, racing secretaries thought he was so good that he sometimes carried too much weight. One day at Belmont Park last spring, Laz Barrera, who trains Triple Crown winner Affirmed, saw a TV technician wearing a huge metal pack on his back near Affirmed's barn on the backstretch. "Looks like Forego with all that weight, don't he?" Barrera said.

Every generation or so, the American turf has yielded a horse whose feats of strength, speed and endurance stamped it for greatness. Early in this century, Roseben carried more weight faster in the sprints than any horse of his day, and his American record of 1:22 for seven furlongs lasted for nearly 30 years.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt's Discovery was among the most prodigious weight carriers in American turf history. In 1935, at age four, he started 19 times with an average load of 130 pounds. He won eight races in a row, ending the streak with perhaps his most memorable show of strength, a two-length victory under 139 pounds in the old Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap at Saratoga. The next year he carried 143 pounds in the Merchants' and Citizens', but staggered home fifth. It wasn't funny then, but Vanderbilt chuckles thinking about it today. "The rider said he balked," he says.

While Discovery carried high weights over long distances with consistency, nothing equals the records set by the great geldings for versatility and durability year after year. They made a history of their own. The first of them, Exterminator, started 100 times between 1917 and 1924, and won 50 races. In his

most remarkable stretch, in 1922 at the age of seven, he won six consecutive handicaps from May 6 to June 16 at distances ranging from a mile and a sixteenth to a mile and a quarter, and never carried less than 133 pounds. He won the Kentucky Handicap at a mile and a quarter under 138, and the Brooklyn by a head with 135.

Almost 40 years later came Kelso, five times in succession the Horse of the Year, winner of 39 of 63 starts, many of them giving away weight. At four, he became the third horse in history to win the Handicap Triple Crown—winning the Metropolitan Handicap by a neck with 130 pounds, the Suburban by five with 133, the Brooklyn by a length and a quarter with 136. Almost a decade later the giant Forego emerged.

In the two years that Ward had him as a handicap horse, Forego won two Wideners, the first with 129, the second with 131; two Brooklyns, 129 the first time and 132 the second; two Carters, 129 the first, 134 the second; two Woodwards at weight for age; a two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup at 124; a Suburban with 134; and a seven-furlong Vosburgh with 131. He was Horse of the Year twice under Ward, and in 1974 was the only horse ever to win the Jockey Club Gold Cup and be voted Sprinter of the Year. He ran short and long, one race right after the other—the Vosburgh on Oct. 19 and the Gold Cup Nov. 9. "A horse that can run fast, carry weight and go long," says his former exercise rider, Pinky Hurley, "that's a superhorse."

After the 1975 Woodward, Ward had had it. Arthritis in his hip worsened, making it difficult for him to get around. "I didn't feel in my condition I could do justice to the horse," he says. So he resigned and Martha Gerry began looking for a replacement. "No one wanted to give me any advice," she says. "No one wanted the responsibility."

At the time, the horse promised to be no bargain. He had emerged from the Woodward fine, but in the interim he had injured the ankle again. So Forego was shipped to the Kentucky farm of John Ward, Sherrill's brother.

One morning, riding his pony to the track at Belmont Park, Frank Whiteley spotted Tom Bancroft, one of his owners and a close friend of Martha Gerry's, outside Sherrill Ward's old shed.

"Tom, who's gonna get Mrs. Gerry's horses?" Whiteley asked.

continued

"I don't know," said Tom. "You want 'em?"

"Hell no! I got enough horses."

Whiteley was in Camden about 10 days later when Bancroft called him on the telephone.

"What are you laughin' about?" asked Whiteley.

"Remember when you were riding by the barn and you asked me who was going to get Mrs. Gerry's horses?"

Silence. "Mrs. Gerry called me last night and told me she'd like you to have them."

More silence. "Now I don't want you to feel you have to take them for me, but she asked me if you'd take them. Forego is old, I don't know about him."

Neither did Whiteley. He squirmed. "I don't know, Tom."

"I'll tell you what. I'm flyin' down to Greenville next week. Why don't you make an appointment with Mrs. Gerry and I'll fly back up here. You can spend the night at my place. You can see her the next morning. I'll fly you back to Camden that afternoon. You'll be out of Camden only a morning."

"O.K.," Whiteley said.

Whiteley flew to New York the following week, in early December of 1975, and met with Mrs. Gerry, Eddie Hayward and Whiteley's son, trainer David Whiteley, at Belmont Park. She told him about the horses that she had, and about Forego. He had just won that Woodward in late September and was Horse of the Year, but now he was nearly six and sore again.

"You know, Dad," David said, "this is going to be a very hard act to follow."

"O.K., David, you can train him," Whiteley said.

"Oh, no!" David said.

Frank Whiteley wanted to see the horses, and especially the horse, before he made up his mind. So he flew to Kentucky to meet with Dr. Alex Harthill, his Kentucky veterinarian. "I trust his judgment," Whiteley said. Harthill looked at the horse and studied the X rays of the left front ankle. "Frank, you haven't got a chance in the world of getting him back," he said.

The man whose opinion Whiteley respected the most had told him not to go, but he went anyway. He still does not know why "I just did," he says. "I thought it was a mistake when I took

him. Figured I was wasting my time, but I took him anyway. Don't ask me why."

Whiteley had come a roundabout way to the care and feeding of Forego. He brought to the old gelding the hand of a master horseman, one schooled through the bullfights of Pennsylvania in the '30s, the leaky-roof half-milers of Maryland and West Virginia, and up through the milers and the larger rings of New York. "I started at the fairs in Pennsylvania," Whiteley said one day, sitting in his tack room. "They'd run two heats there, \$100 for the pot, \$50 each heat. Run the same damned horse twice."

He won a lot of pots with Lady Gutzul, a \$100 mare who had no papers, nickel-and-dime it through the '30s at impromptu meets and the fairs. The world was smaller then. When the mare finally broke her maiden at a recognized track—after her papers were found—her jockey was Lucien Laurin, later the trainer of Secretariat. Whiteley left the runners for draft horses in 1938, and worked on a farm during the war. "Got a deferment for working on a farm," he said. "Never shot a gun in my life." He returned to racing at the half-milers, he recalled one day recently as he arched spit from a chaw of tobacco across the shed.

"That was the leaky-roof circuit—Charles Town, Lincoln Downs. They used to be five-day meets Tuesday through Saturday. One would end and you'd go to the next one—Cumberland, Hagerstown, Marlboro, Timonium. I had a hell of a time making a living. You only raced in the summertime. In the winter I went back home. Worked in a grocery store and anything else I could find to do. After the war I started all over again at Charles Town. Went to the half-milers. Worked for myself. I always had a couple of \$200 horses, cheap horses, and managed to get by."

He fitted a cigarette in a filter and spit across the shed. "I ran one son of a gun I had three times in five days! Got a check every time! Didn't have a lot of overhead either. Did all the damn work myself. Learned by my damn mistakes. Muckin' out. Rubbin', walkin', ridin'. Feed a horse in those days for a dollar a day. Never went hungry, but it was rough. Fun, too. More fun than it is now. Cutthroat damn game it is now. Dog eat dog. People were friendlier then."

Whiteley moved to the milers when he got the chance in the 1950s, and wasn't long in applying what he had learned at

Charles Town to what he learned at Laurel. First he had a nickname. The late Walter Haight, racing writer for *The Washington Post*, dubbed him the Fox of Laurel. He made his name as the trainer of Bronze Bahu and Polarity, and then took Edith Bancroft's horses, and also had Ambassador Raymond Guest's. For Guest he trained Chiefstan, a first son of Bold Ruler and the best horse Whiteley had ever handled up to that time. Then he got Tom Rolfe, and won a Preakness with him and made him the 1965 3-year-old champ. Damascus arrived two years later, winning the Preakness and Belmont Stakes and becoming Horse of the Year. And then came Ruffian, the Triple Crown winner for fillies in 1975.

No horse ever touched Whiteley more than the magnificent dark speedster. While racing head and head with Foolish Pleasure in the "Great Match Race" at Belmont Park, she shattered the sesamoid bones in her right front ankle. Doctors worked on her all that day and into the night. They knew she was doomed, knew it the moment they first saw the wound from the splinters of the ankle, but they felt that some effort, some gesture, should be made to save her. They put her under a general anesthetic and fitted her with a cast. She awoke a wild horse, thrashing and kicking and throwing men around like dolls. Reinjuring herself in the struggle, kicking off the cast, she finally forced the inevitable upon those who had postponed it. Ruffian died on July 7, 1975, at 20 minutes past two in the morning, in Dr. William O. Reed's Equine Animal Hospital on a road off the backstretch at Belmont Park, ending nearly nine hours of nightmare for Whiteley.

Frank Yewell Whiteley Jr., a throwback to the days when the turf was peopled by rugged individualists, reacted in an uncharacteristic way. He had lived with his horses, and for them, and represented that rare and vanishing species of horsemen who still spent mornings and afternoons with their horses, six to six, patrolling the shed row, checking and rechecking stock, bandaging, feeding, grazing and hosing. The morning they put Ruffian down, Whiteley's wife Louise recalls, he didn't want to get out of bed. "What have I got to go to now?" he asked her.

The death of Ruffian was a trauma for Whiteley, and those who knew him both before and after it happened say it

changed him. "I don't think he'll ever get over losing Ruffian," Louise Whiteley says. "I think that got to him more than any one thing in his lifetime." Self-made and self-reliant, uncommunicative with the press, he had lived in a world impervious to the vagaries of fate and confident in his invulnerability. "Life is real, anything can happen," Louise Whiteley says. "Frank was one of those who said, 'It can't happen to me.' He was a tough man, a self-made man. He built up a wall. He mellowed and relaxed after Ruffian died."

But the trainer in the man did not. He still did things the old way, the reliable way, the only way he knew how. Ward had relied mostly on iodine-based paints to treat Forego's legs, and cold packs when the paint made the skin sore. Whiteley hosed his horses with cold water, all of them, and practiced it like a religion. "Creates circulation, the only thing I can figure," he says. "You ever stand underneath a cold shower?" The moment he got Forego he started him on the hose, twice a day, one hour in the morning and two in the afternoon, with the hose turned as high as it could go—a gallon every 10 seconds, 180 minutes a day, 1,080 gallons a day, seven days a week, two hoses at once on the day of a race.

The poundings had taken their toll on Forego, millions of pounds cumulatively over the last three years. Supporting 1,000-pound bodies moving at 40 mph, the legs of horses are subjected to awesome pressures. Forego, at 17 hands and 1,200 pounds, had legs that withstood more strain than those of most horses. Dr. George Pratt, a professor of electrical engineering at MIT, has done extensive studies on the mechanics of a horse's stride, on the strength of bone and on the force of impact when a hoof strikes the ground in full flight. His research is devoted to how horses run and why they break down.

"I've dissected a lot of legs, and it makes you want to get religion," Pratt says. "Whoever designed the leg of the horse did a beautiful job. Fantastic celestial engineering."

The stresses they withstand bear witness to that. "The actual vertical force exerted on the cannon bone, the bone that runs from the knee down to the ankle, is about 9,000 pounds on impact," Pratt says. "Forego, because he is bigger, could run close to 10,000 pounds. It is not this

total load on the bone that does the damage; rather, it's how the load is spread over the surface of the joint."

The sesamoids, the two small pivotal bones in the left front ankle, particularly plagued Forego. "They should put his X rays in the Hall of Fame of Racing," says Dr. James Prendergast, Forego's vet. "As far as his pathology is concerned, he defies any horse I've come in contact with." What happened, Prendergast says, was that the sesamoid bones were subject to almost constant remodeling because of the effects of strain, inflammation and healing over long periods.

The strain caused inflammation, the source of pain, and the inflammation caused fibrosis, enlargement of soft tissues around the joint, and in turn the buildup of calcium on the sesamoids and new bone growth. "In other words, what we had basically was a bone undergoing constant remodeling, constant change," Prendergast says.

None of this was a consequence of awkwardness, or clumsy missteps in flight. In fact Forego had an extremely efficient stride, one of the most economical Pratt had ever seen. "I have studied films of him," he says. "It's a very simple thing. When a horse runs, before one foot leaves the ground, another foot touches down. A good racehorse never has more than two feet on the ground at once at racing speeds. Only inferior horses have three down at one time. When two feet are on the ground at once, the efficiency of the stride depends on the length of the overlap period. A rule of thumb is that the smaller the overlap at a given speed, the better the horse. Forego has an excellent stride. I have studied sequences of it. He has the stride of a classic horse."

One foot at a time, with a brief overlap. Thus he ran for Whiteley, seeming only to grow more capable with age, as Exterminator had 50 years before.

Forego came back in 1976 to win six of eight races, earn \$491,701 and close the year with the Marlboro Cup, perhaps his greatest race of all. Under 137 pounds, the most weight he had ever carried, running a mile and a quarter in the slop at Belmont, he was still desperately out of it at the eighth pole, even at the 16th pole. But he had Honest Pleasure, in with 119, measured. Bearing down under Shoemaker, his great head lifting and dipping through the closing strides, Forego got up to win it by a head in two minutes flat, just a fifth off the track mark.

"This horse has to be the best I've ever ridden," said the Shoe, who in a lifetime in the saddle had been aboard Swaps, Gallant Man, Round Table, Ack Ack, Damascus and Dr. Fager. The Marlboro Cup won Forego Horse of the Year honors for the third time.

After returning from winter quarters in Camden the following spring, he seemed the old Forego, winning the Met again, carrying 133. He lost the Suburban with 138, giving Quiet Little Table 24 pounds and failing by a neck, and got crushed in the Brooklyn with 137, finishing 11 lengths behind Great Contractor, in with a feather of 112. He finished last in the Whitney, a debacle in the mud at Saratoga, going nowhere on a track he did not like, carrying 136. The press had him over the hill when Whiteley saddled him for the Woodward under 133. He won it for the fourth time, and the ending was sweet. "Vindication," Martha Gerry said. Then the ringbone developed. He was retired for the year.

So Whiteley fretted before the Suburban earlier this month.

He wanted to run him, didn't want to run him, thought about not running him, thought about him breaking down and the green horse and the Ruffian ordeal and the old horse's misshapen ankle. Forego was so close to the record, but it was becoming more difficult to bring him to a race. When Trotter assigned him 132 pounds. Whiteley groused bitterly.

"Awful!" he yelled. "Just awful! My horse is a year older and he's got more problems and winds up with '32. How, I don't know. Cox's Ridge has 130 and he won the Met. Tommy Trotter acts like he don't want the old horse to run."

Whiteley was standing in the door of the tack room talking to a reporter on the phone. "The horse is a year older and last year was the worst year he ever had. He won the Woodward in September with 133, but how many months ago was that? He dropped only one pound. Trotter's caused all the problems, with all the damn weight he's put on him. A hundred and thirty-two pounds is a lot of damn weight to put on a horse, and I don't care what you or Tommy Trotter says. No, I don't know what I'm gonna do. I might just take him out. I have till 45 minutes before post time to decide." Click.

The prerace routine, nevertheless, went on throughout the week. Assistant

continued

Forego continued

trainer Steve Penrod kept the morning in motion when Whiteley was out with a set of horses, occasionally looking in on Forego. Shotgun Hampton bedded the stall and kept the water bucket filled. Eddie Hayward, now 75, came by every morning to feed the gelding a quartered apple. Hayward used to hide in the tack room and call the horse's name, bringing him with a rush to the door and whinnying for his apples, but now he met him before Ben Jones, the horse's hot-walker, began the tedious routine with the water hose.

"Good morning, Joe," Hayward would say, tapping Forego on the nose with a brown paper bag. "How are you this morning? One more piece left, that's all. Get ready for the Suburban."

Forego did, leaving Whiteley with no options. The old horse was training sound and fast, and Whiteley knew he had to seize the chance now while he still had it. Forego was peaking. Any day the ankle could put him out, and it might be months before he could get him back, too late for him then. It was his last year at the races, regardless.

"I haven't got many chances with him," Whiteley said quietly one morning. "In my heart, I know I only have one or two chances with him."

He took it on Independence Day, despite the slop.

"Go get the money," a groom hollered to Whiteley as he followed Forego to the paddock.

"Tough to do," Whiteley muttered.

The crowd cheered as Forego stepped into the walking ring and paraded past the stands, cheered when Whiteley finished saddling him, and again when Shoemaker was lifted aboard. As Forego strode onto the racetrack for the post-parade, he was given an ovation. Whiteley and Mrs. Gerry settled in a box seat. Whiteley lighting a cigarette. They came to their feet at the break.

It was over quickly for Forego and the Shoe. Nearly On Time raced to the lead at the start, opening daylight on Family Doctor and Upper Nile, while Forego struggled in the goo down the backstretch. As they swept for home, Upper Nile moved to the leader, while Shoemaker sat still as stone, holding the old horse together, making no move at all. He had known by the half-mile pole that Forego was going nowhere. "He was struggling most of the way," Shoe said. Upper Nile won it by almost two lengths,

while Forego edged past a tiring Cox's Ridge to finish fifth of six.

Martha Gerry pursed her lips and watched Forego, coated with mud, gallop out the final quarter. Whiteley crushed a cigarette and took off down the stairs. They had gambled in the mud at Belmont Park before, in the historic Marlboro of 1976, again in the Woodward of last year, and they had won. This day, when they needed the win the most, they had not gotten it. And this time the hour was late.

They collected at the barn, Frank and Louise and David, Penrod and Shotgun and Eddie, and Martha Gerry, who was discussing the horse's future and telling a microphone that it all depends.

"We'll see how he comes out of it," she said.

They had a quick answer. Forego was fine in the first circuits around the barn, then he was not. He took a bad step, and then another, and Whiteley felt the ankle and the heat. In a moment the horse was in his stall with a dozen people ringed around it, watching Prendergast feel for the heat.

"He must have pulled some of those old adhesion tissues," said the doc. "You pull those and walk sore for two or three days." And the calcium builds again, remodeling the sesamoids.

Whiteley saw the end, though he did not say so then. They had carried Rufian off the racetrack in a van and now he feared that kind of end for Forego. "That old horse was going to throw a leg off," he said. To ease Forego's pain, Prendergast gave him a shot of phenylbutazone, an anti-inflammatory agent. It was the first time anyone could remember that the horse had been given Bute, and it helped him over the rough spot. He began walking sound, even galloped over that weekend, and seemed to be moving fine.

Still, Whiteley did not want to run him again. And by now others were concerned. Dr. Manuel A. Gilman, the examining veterinarian for the New York Racing Association, had never worried for Forego's safety in all the years he had raced on New York tracks. But he had seen that ankle in June, before Forego had won the allowance race, and now he was worried. Gilman's concern deepened after the Suburban. He met with Whiteley near the end of the week and asked to see the horse's X rays.

Over the weekend, Prendergast took more X rays and gave them to Gilman

between races. Gilman went home and looked at them. "For me that was the moment of truth," he says. He checked the plates. He found a partial dislocation of the pastern joint and decided that the pastern bone was arthritic. A large bony growth had developed on the outside of the pastern, part of the ringbone.

The sesamoids were enlarged and there were bone chips. Chips had also broken off the ankle joint. It was time, Gilman decided, to advise stopping the horse. Prendergast, who had taken the X rays, had reached the same conclusion. He took 11 X rays, and when he slipped them into his viewer, they convinced him Forego was finished as a racehorse. Looking at the plates, he was stunned. He had taken X rays just three months ago, in April, but now it was as if he were looking at a different ankle. "I just couldn't believe it," Prendergast says. "I couldn't believe the changes that had occurred. They had doubled the bony pathology. That's what made up my mind. You just couldn't defy nature much longer."

Whiteley wanted Martha Gerry to understand precisely the extent and nature of the injuries. So he arranged a meeting for the next day, a Monday, just six days after the Suburban, among Gilman, Prendergast and Mrs. Gerry. Gilman showed her all 11 plates, explaining to her what they indicated. He advised her to retire the horse. So did Prendergast and Whiteley. When the meeting broke up, she did not hesitate.

The Suburban ended it. They had taken a final shot and lost, and now it was over for Forego. Martha Gerry announced it a half hour later. "The horse was good to us," she said. "It was time we were good to him."

In 57 races he had won 34 times, and on only three occasions did he fail to pick up a check. If there is a symbol and centerpiece of his career, it is the 1976 Marlboro Cup, in which he carried 137 pounds a mile and a quarter in two minutes flat, spotting a dead-fat Honest Pleasure 18 pounds and four lengths at the eighth pole. There was no way he could win. Then there he was, bearing down on the outside, his head lifting and dipping at the wire, the Shoe up. Twenty times he carried at least 132 pounds, and he won half of them. And now he will be put out to pasture on Long Island. No horse ever earned his clover more. **END**

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M. J. Hollippen
Miami Herald



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

NANCY'S NAVY

Sir:

After spreading her charisma from Rochester to Sarasota and winning seven LPGA championships in the process, the only way lovely Nancy Lopez (Nancy with the Laughing Face, July 10) could top it would be to part the Red Sea with a nine-iron.

RON JACKSON
Franklin, Ohio

Sir:

Nancy Lopez' caddy says that people try to grab objects she has used. At the LPGA tournament in Noblesville, Ind., I grabbed a tee she had played with. It brought me my lowest round ever, a four-under-par 68, and three other subpar rounds.

LEE TALLMID
Merrillville, Ind.

GREG & SHEP

Sir:

Those swanset photos in the July 10 issue of Greg Louganis (They're Pooling Their Tal-

ent) and Shep Messing (Support Your Local Keeper) prompt the question: Why not a whole issue on men's swimwear? We women deserve equal un-coverage.

MARILYN LANEY
Austin, Texas

Sir:

In 1971 Wesleyan was awarded a penalty shot against Harvard Goulkeeper Shep Messing. As the shooter lined up for the kick, Messing crossed his arms and turned his back. The ball was kicked so high over the goal that it still hasn't been found.

At the time, Shep liked to dress all in black on the field, topped off with a black leather hat. Given a mink and cape, he would have looked like Zorro.

MIKE McKENNA
Middletown, Conn.

KNUCKLER JIM

Sir:

Jim Bouton (A Magnificent Obsession, July 3) is a man of truly generous nature with

an absolute inability to be anything except the baseball-loving, non-picture-book reading nut that he is. What a marvelous lesson Bouton is for all of us who feel we are under pressure to conform to what society expects of us. Bouton recognizes that he is just going to do what he has to do—what he enjoys doing—and who among us wouldn't be better for that realization?

No matter what league Bouton plays in, whether he rides in a bus or flies, he will always be a major-leaguer to me.

LEANN ZUNICH
West Covina, Calif.

Sir:

In mentioning three kinds of ovals at sporting events, Frank Deford overlooks a fourth kind. It's the sympathetic one given a losing quarterback who gets hurt late in the fourth quarter. Jim Bouton should wake up and face the music before he hears this cheer.

STAN HARBURGRET
Fort Bragg, N.C.
continued



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16TH HOLE continued

OUTDOORMEN

Sir:

I write in praise of Al Feuerbach and Mac Wilkins (*Some Babes in the Woods*, July 3). They dare to be themselves and the world is the richer by their example. Judging from their photographs, their life-style is not exactly injurious to health!

ROBERT FARROW THOMPSON
 North Haven, Maine

TRADE WINDS

Sir:

Some interesting trades might occur after the season is over.

For instance, if the Twins traded Dan Ford to the Expos for Gary Carter, would critics claim it was a political deal? Would the Braves be going in the right direction if they sent Jamie Easler to the Dodgers for Bill North? A trade involving Pete Falcone of the Cards and Doug Bird of the Royals would deserve some watching. And how about a culinary swap—Woody Frymon of the Expos for Dusty Baker of the Dodgers?

Would a three-way trade involving the Blue Jays' Jesse Jefferson, the White Sox' Claudell Washington and the Twins' Glenn Adams go down in history? If the Rangers sent Bobby Bonds and Bump Wills to the Brewers for Don Money, who would profit?

Would you believe Geronimo going to the Indians? How about Sten to the Brewers? Smalley to the Giants? Suppose Gamble were dealt to the Cards? Or Devine to the Angels?

JEFFREY G. HAFF
 Cohoes, N.Y.

DAM NONSENSE

Sir:

Your June 26 SCORECARD contains two such glaring examples of the old trick of constantly repeating a lie to make it appear to be the truth that I finally have blown my sack.

Michael Bean of the Environmental Defense Fund repeats that group's everlasting contention that the Little Tennessee River is "one of the last free-flowing and clean rivers in the region," but nowhere does he explain how a river can be "free flowing" that already contains seven major dams (one is among the biggest in the Eastern U.S.—Fontana) on it and its tributaries.

He also says that Tellico Dam was planned 10 years ago. It was planned in 1939, but its construction was postponed early in WW II when labor and material were allocated to Douglas and Cherokee dams because they would provide more electricity more quickly. The power was needed for the then secret Manhattan Project at Oak Ridge, Tenn.

A. M. SMALLEY
 Lenox City, Tenn.

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